ORA GREENWELL.

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MEMOIRS

OF

DORA GREENWELL.

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OF

DORA GREENWELL.

BY

WILLIAM DORLING,

AUTHOR OF "GREAT MODERN PREACHERS," "THE LARGER HOPE FOR THE FUTURE OF THE HUMAN RACE," ETC.

"Accept this record of a life
As sweet and pure, as calm and good,
As a long day of blandest June
In green field and in wood."

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TO

ALAN GREENWELL, M.A.,

AT WHOSE REQUEST I HAVE WRITTEN THESE

MEMOIRS OF HIS SISTER.

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PREFACE.

THIS book has been prepared under circumstances of unusual and painful difficulty, the nature of which I need not describe, as they are well known to all those to whom I should look for sympathy and encouragement in the fulfilment of any task I might be led to accept.

I had an intense desire to furnish such a Life of my revered Friend, as would be worthy of what I feel to be her high claims, as a noble Christian woman possessed of remarkable genius. Nothing that I could do would ever seem to me to be adequate to those claims, or worthy of the ideal which exists in my own mind.

I can only say,—that I have striven to tell a true story, in a simple and unaffected manner. The subject affords much scope for fine writing, but that in no case has been attempted.

I have expressed in these pages—as occasion required—my unfeigned gratitude to those friends of Miss Greenwell who have rendered valuable aid in furnishing me with letters and reminiscences. It would be invidious to mention one or two of these friends in particular, because all of them have been alike kind.

It will give me abundant satisfaction, if these Memoirs are read with sympathy by those who owned her friendship; and if, also, they help to make her known to some who had not that inestimable privilege.

WILLIAM DORLING.

Buckhurst Hill, Essex.
June, 1885.

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CHAPTER I.

Early Years at Greenwell Ford.

1821—1848.

DORA GREENWELL was born at Greenwell Ford, in the parish of Lanchester, in the county of Durham, on December 6th, 1821. Her father was William Thomas Greenwell, Esq., an active and popular magistrate, and Deputy Lieutenant of the county, possessed of a comfortable fortune, and widely respected in the district in which his property lay. Her mother, Miss Dorothy Smales, was a daughter of Mr. Smales, a Durham lawyer of high repute. It should perhaps be mentioned that "Dorothy" was the baptismal name of Miss Greenwell; but, in her own family, and among all her friends, she has always borne the name "Dora," by which she is known to the wider circle of her readers and admirers.

Greenwell Ford was a spacious and handsome house, in a very lovely situation on the banks of the Browny, one of the most picturesque little

streams in the north country. Charming grounds surrounded the house; and, beyond them, there was a wonderful old garden, walled-in, and sheltered from every cold blast, but entirely open to the south. An old friend of Dora's testifies that such flowers grew in that old garden as she has never seen during all the forty years which have elapsed since she was last there. Baskets-full of narcissi, and every kind of spring-flower, could be gathered in a trice; and the store of fragrance and beauty always seemed inexhaustible. The banks of the little Browny were gay with lovely flowering trees, from the midst of whose luxuriance peeped out picturesque masses of rock. Close by, on Mr. Greenwell's property, were the remains of a fine Roman station,—a never-ending object of interest.

The peaceful scenery of the Browny is described in "Two Friends." One or two passages may be fitly quoted. The writer says,—"My first companion was a little stream, my earliest counsellor an ancient book. Along the edge of the stream ran a footpath, so narrow, so rarely trodden, that the ferns and wild-flowers would sometimes overgrow and even hide it; and then the brook itself became my guide: one that I followed confidingly, because I knew and loved it under every change. It would sometimes so contract the channel of its hurrying waters as to leave a broad pebbly shingle,

warm in the blaze of noon-day, and friendly to my childish feet. The trees which fringed it on either side would now interlace their boughs so closely that I could scarcely push my way between them, and they would now recede, opening out some little bay of verdure, some green savannah which had been cleared of its thick nut-bushes and clinging brambles, and from whence, through the trees that still held it in their arms, one might gain a sunny reach of corn-field, a glimpse of some distant village, and see, beyond all, a low range of hills that seemed to bound the prospect, and yet to hide, to promise nothing."

Greenwell Ford was a sweet, secluded spot. The whistle of the train and the bustle of towns were far away. The nearest town was nine miles distant: and the roads were by no means pleasant for winter travelling. Postal communication was only a weekly privilege.

Mr. Greenwell had for a schoolfellow, and life-long friend, Mr. Surtees, of Mainsforth, who will be recognized by some of my reader's as the accomplished historian of the County Palatine of Durham. This gentleman inscribed a few lines to the daughter of his old friend, who was then a child of some ten or twelve summers. There is real interest in the effusion, for the friends of Dora, and they show manifest ability for the reading of character.

Dear lass, I need not wish thee health,
For that is pictured in thy face ;
I will not wish thee store of wealth,
'Tis needless ; for there is that grace,
That mild, that modest frankness there,
Which well may warm some English heart,
And win without the help of art.

I love to see in thy blue eyes
The kind, the generous spirit rise,
That warmed thy sires ; 'tis Greenwell all ;
Dear daughter of the ancient hall !
Oh ! when transplanted, lovely flower,
To bloom in some gay southern bower,
Still dream of hill, and brook, and dale—
Forget not thou thy native vale !

The health to which the antiquarian friend of her father thus alludes, as being "pictured" in her face, was of short duration. Much of her life was more or less marked by feebleness and weakness ; but no one had a keener relish for the power and the joy with which health is always associated. Persevering and brave as she was, many of her enterprises turned awry because her physical strength was inadequate for their achievement

As a child, she is said to have been very sweet and gentle. One who made many happy visits to the "Ford," relates that she always remembers her sitting beside her mother, shrinking from the noisy games and distant expeditions of her brothers, and any healthy and strong visitors who might be staying in the house. As years passed on, and Dora—who

was the only daughter—took on the charms of early maidenhood, she is spoken of, by those who knew her in those days, as a most fascinating girl; not beautiful—as many use the term to describe a human face—but with a certain impressiveness and attraction, which none who came under its influence have ever forgotten. Her conversation, even then, was brilliant at times, and marked by much originality. Many problems of life and thought began to engage her attention; and, as ever afterwards, she discussed these interesting though difficult questions with her friends. She already began to write striking and beautiful letters, full of passion and feeling, and indicating a very happy style of expression. Those who knew her before a single line from her pen had found its way into print, were not afterwards surprised at the enthusiasm which was inspired by her writings. The letters in the Greenwell Ford days are as full of enthusiasm as they were in after years. Her favoured correspondents will understand what these words mean. One letter lies before me, written to a friend (a clergyman's wife in Cornwall). The remarkably fine handwriting which she acquired in after years—and which has often been admired and envied—was not then formed. To her friend, Mrs. Hosken, she writes:—

"I am persuaded that no real feeling of regard ever *passes away*;—and, although the great Philosopher tells us that the pictures of our *minds* are laid on

in *fading* colours, it is not surely so with those of the *heart.* A touch will rekindle former brightness ; and your dear letter, with its pleasant memories of pleasant hours, carried me back at once to you, and Greencroft, and my old self."

She refers to a condition of ill-health into which she had sunk :—" I spent a great part of the summer of last year at Leamington, under good Dr. Jephson's care ; and this autumn, as I seemed to require a thorough change of air, my mother took me a little jaunt on the Continent, in company with my brother Alan, and a very dear friend. I am thankful to say that I am very much better and stouter at present, and able to do and enjoy more than has been my lot for many months."

The next quotation will recall to Miss Greenwell's friends her pretty, familiar, and humorous notes :— " My dear mother says that you must send her a few *patches.* Any scrap of ribbon does ; as she has become a very cunning worker in those parti-coloured designs, which, I believe, afford now a fashionable pretext of employment. We turn our octagons and hexagons to very profitable account by making them serve as ' friendship memorials ' ; so send us a bit of your smartest gown, for I think, (sober clergyman's lady as you are,) that your taste of old, which I used so much to admire, will not have deserted you ; and we will think we see you in it."

Tender and dear as the associations of Greenwell Ford were, they were destined to be rudely broken by untoward circumstances. On account of evident mismanagement, the property had to be sold in the year 1848. We have seen that Mr. Greenwell was highly thought of by his neighbours of all classes. As far back as in the year 1823, Mr. Surtees had written of him :—

> The King may play his royal part
> And dub the belted knight with steel ;
> But can he give the kindly heart,
> That feels for all that peasants feel ?

Mr. Surtees had evidently the well-known lines of Burns in his mind. It was an honour for the owner of Greenwell Ford thus to be estimated by a competent friend.

I have before me a report of a meeting held in the summer of 1839, at Lanchester, for the purpose of making presentations to Mr. Greenwell. They consisted of his portrait, together with a beautiful silver salver. The day appears to have been observed as a holiday. In the unavoidable absence, through illness, of Sir Thomas John Clavering, of Greencroft, the chair was taken in the Justice-room, at the Blue Bell Inn, by Mr. John Greenwell, of Broomshields. The Chairman characterized Mr. W. T. Greenwell as " the friend of the agriculturist, the protector,—and by his example—the promoter of industry in his tenantry, the good friend and neigh-

bour, the kind master, the affectionate husband, and the indulgent parent." The report states that, during the delivery of Mr. W. T. Greenwell's response to the above speech and presentation, "the frequent and oft-repeated cheers with which it was received, and the big manly tears which might be seen stealing down the cheeks of those who had grown old and grey-headed in his service, told plainly the feelings which pervaded the breasts of every one present." A dinner followed the meeting, and in the evening the villagers danced upon the greensward to the lively airs of the band.

This little peep at the simple and happy life of Greenwell Ford gives us a pleasant idea of the home and circumstances in the midst of which Dora passed the whole of her young life; indeed, until February 25th, 1848. A record in her own handwriting marks this as the day of departure.

In a letter to the correspondent mentioned above, she thus refers in after years to the break-up of that peaceful home. "Did you ever happen to hear that my poor father—partly through the result of a lawsuit, and partly from having allowed himself to be imposed on by designing people—(you remember the peculiarly *easy* sort of man he was?)—was obliged to part with the Ford; where our family have lived since Henry the Eighth's time; and to leave it in his old age, and seek a new home?" She proceeds—"Money-troubles, you know, always bring

on other troubles; or at least do away with the pleasant *glossy* part of life! And then I have *always* been very delicate."

In this same correspondence she refers in glowing language to the joyous, delightful intercourse of the old days.

Writing from Lanchester, to a very dear and intimate friend,—ten years after she and her family had left the "Ford,"—she refers to bygone days. She was staying at the time, (April, 1858,) with her uncle, then in rapidly declining health. She says to her friend,—"As long as he (her uncle) lived, it seemed that my father, and all our old home-life at the 'Ford,' *was not quite gone.*" She adds, "Oh! dear S——, how I loved this country. I cannot look out of the window without getting a sort of unspoken benediction from the very look of the well-known hills and woods."

It should be mentioned here that Dora celebrates the love she cherished for her favourite uncle, and the dearly-loved Browny, in a sonnet to be found in her principal volume of poems:—

TO A REMEMBERED STREAM, AND A NEVER-FORGOTTEN FRIEND.

Sweet stream, the haunt of solitary hern
And shy kingfisher, far from busy town
Or even populous hamlet, winding down
Through banks thick fringed with underwood and fern
And hazel thickets, where the ripe nuts turn

Unmarked and slow to Autumn's ruddy brown ;
Where gems thy single rock its feathery crown
(For nought of thine looks ever sad or stern !)
With berried scarlet of the mountain ash ;
I never hear 'mid waking dreams thy dash
Above the pebbles, but I think on One
Whose course of days hath by thy waters run,
A course like thine of calm and quietness,
Nor ever raised a voice except to bless !

Very tender and beautiful are the references to the same beloved Uncle Nicolas, in some stanzas to be found in the poem—"Without and Within."

I never hear a chafing brook, nor see the smooth stones lie
Beneath it, golden-brown,—or mark the mailèd dragon-fly
Shoot past, but something o'er my soul a summer feeling sends,
That brings my good old kinsman back, and all my childhood's friends.

One still is left—the friend that fought my battles out at school ;
Now would he fight them with the world, if ever it should cool
To verse of mine—yes, inch by inch contending : not a line
He reads, but takes them all on trust,—content that they are mine.

Now have I made me store of friends, the kindred of my mind ;
They give unto me of their wealth, I pay them back in kind :
The world needs music at its feasts, it bids me welcome free ;
It loves me for the songs I sing, but *these* loved my songs for me !

Some years before this time,—in 1851,—writing from her brother Alan's home in Lancashire, she

mentions, in her own inimitable way, the pleasant surprise occasioned to the quiet household by the visit of an old friend, Mr. G——. "All his recollections of us," she says, "were of course connected with the 'Ford,' and with a time when we seemed as safely planted among those 'pleasant places' as any of the trees that are now there. But he did not condole with us upon the change, though he spoke to me of it with feeling,—the feeling of a generous mind that looks upon *all such changes* in their true and secondary light."

The impression is inevitable that she had left behind her at the Ford much quiet comfort which the condition of her health made valuable, and almost necessary for its preservation. There were, however, some manifest compensations, in the opportunity which living in a wider world would afford for the cultivation of not a little agreeable and exhilarating society.

CHAPTER II.

Ovingham Rectory.

1848—1850.

OWING to the circumstances referred to in the previous chapter,—necessitating the sale of Mr. Greenwell's house and estate,—Dora, and her father and mother, went to reside for a time at Ovingham Rectory, in Northumberland, where her eldest brother William, (now Canon of Durham Cathedral, and the learned author of "British Barrows: a Record of the Examination of Sepulchral Mounds in various parts of England,") held the living for a friend.

Ovingham is, or was, a very picturesque village on the north bank of the Tyne, and close to the river. The Rectory is a low, long, old-fashioned house, with terraced garden down to the river. On the heights upon the opposite side is the old Castle of Prudhoe, surrounded by woods, at the distance of perhaps half a mile; a most romantic and lovely spot at that time, but now greatly altered, and dis-

figured by colliery villages and their adjuncts. The only communication between the two places was by a ferry-boat, and a weir, thrown half-way across the river, just below the Rectory. Floods often rendered this communication impossible. Prudhoe Castle was a place of resort which the new-comer at Ovingham Rectory very much valued. The crossing of the river, the walk to the Castle, and the old-fashioned and romantic gardens belonging to it, are frequently alluded to in her poems, and gave constant occasion for fancy, adventure, and fun.

Writing to a friend, a year or two after she left Ovingham, Miss Greenwell remarked,—"Ovingham and Prudhoe are so associated, as I have often told you, with all my ideas of summer, that you have been, during its various course, still closer than ever to my mind; and if such things might be in this age of wonders, I do not know what I would often have given to fly over to you some sunny afternoon for a ramble up and down the river, and in the woods, with which I have seen nothing to compare since I left them, though I have been in the midst of much beauty of late of a different sort."

To another friend, she wrote also:—Prudhoe always stands forth as a sort of concentration of summer, with its warmth, and leafiness, and sunshine, within and without I often wish I could see the broad evening lights streaming up and down the Orchard Hill; or walk in those hanging woods,

so full of forget-me-nots, with the white sleepy-headed moths clinging upon every bough, in the fulness of quietude, and dreamy enjoyment. I often please myself by fancying that my dear friends, and *yours* there, have caught the genius of the place they live in, they have such a sweet, *severe*, unworldly atmosphere about them, with a strong dash of romantic feeling, which I set down on this theory to the account of the old Castle!"

The following poem, written during a visit at Prudhoe in the autumn of 1865, (September 6th,) and not included in any of her volumes, represents the vivid sentiments which were excited by the associations of the place. A "Beloved Friend" recalls the circumstances in which the poem was written. She writes to me,—"I remember well, my dear old friend writing this poem as she lay resting on her bed during a visit made to us with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor. Her imagination at the time was smitten with the mystical significance of flowers; and a brilliant bed of gladioli in the old garden of the Castle suggested to her mind the idea of the flaming sword-lilies of the poem. All flowers seemed to have a certain individual character to her perception."

THE CASTLE GARDEN.

I sing beneath the moon,
I sing at burning noon;
A song of war I sing, a song of love;

And all to win her grace,
And all to see her face
Look on me for a moment from above.

The hills in quiet deep,
Sleep out their noontide sleep;
The woods are silent, yet within my breast
Is trouble, and a sound
Seems rising from the ground
To tell of tumult and of old unrest.

Methinks, the very flowers
Have instincts of the hours,
When here four hundred warriors, each a knight,
Back from this Border Hold
Drave Scotland's Lion bold,
With glint of steel, and clang of armour bright.

The scarlet lilies burn
Like fiery swords that turn
Each way at Eden's gate, and flame and fail
As if in angel's hand
Each were a vengeful brand
That flashed into the air blood-red, death-pale.

The shining marigold,
Whose yellow disk hath told
The hours in light, shows here a tawny stain,
As on a dagger's hilt
A ruddy life-drop spilt,
Rusts through long years, a witness stern and plain.

The latest summer rose,
Red to its heart-leaf glows;
I know not be its hue of blood, or wine;
The passion flowers frail,
Would hint at some dark tale
As o'er the mouldering wall they trail and twine.

The voice of harp and song
Hath here been silent long ;
Wild echoes of the revel wake not here ;
Yet, knit within these stones
Are pangs, wherefore atones
No tardy vow, no lingering penance drear.

Here dwelt a chief, to woo
Too proud, too fierce to sue,
He took from all what pleased him. Strife and ire ;
Blood, steel, and burning flame,
Tracked on his steps, and shame
That cowered by wasted hearths, with maid, wife, sire.

O'er him no prayer was said,
For him no tear was shed,
When his dark spirit passed away unshriven.
Too many tears below,
His sword had made to flow,
That one should plead betwixt his doom and heaven.

Yet here beneath the moon,
Yet here at burning noon,
I sing my constant song, a song of love ;
And all to win her grace,
And all to see her face
Look on me for a moment from above.

One who saw much of Dora at that time, recalls the memories of many delightful walks and conversations which have left permanent impressions and influences within her life. It is remembered, that, while there was an abundance of playfulness and fancy in those days, there was always manifest to thoughtful observers an undertone of deep earnest religiousness, which was seen to be the ground-work of all her thought and feeling. She exerted a fascinating

influence upon some newly-found friends, throwing herself heartily and warmly into all their family and individual interests, and at the same time drawing them irresistibly into her own, which where illumined with the halo of the remarkable ideality and romance of her nature, and enriched by the affection of a faithful and generous heart. Her conversation had already acquired the charm, and some of the brilliancy, which never failed to lift her companions into a region of higher intellectual perception ; while a keen sense of humour and light-hearted mirth gave brightness and joy to her society. She had a happy knack of scrutinizing the idiosyncrasies of character ; and her generous interpretation of all such peculiarities gave point, but no sting, to all her social and domestic intercourse.

While at Ovingham, she took much interest in the poor ; and especially in the young daughters of two families of respectability, whose struggling poverty did not afford them the means of such an education as was suited to their previous circumstances. These girls were regularly instructed in French and the subjects of general education, by Miss Greenwell, who ever afterwards retained an affectionate interest in them. But her health was always precarious and unreliable. It did not permit at any time of much sustained or systematic occupation.

In her own home she shed forth a brightness

which seemed like "rippling sunshine"; cheering, amusing, sustaining, and consoling; full of sympathy, and characterized by much delicate tact. She had then, as ever afterwards, the happy art of drawing out the best qualities, intellectual or moral, of those with whom she was brought into contact. Young people were easily and firmly won by her charm. Under the magical spell which she exerted, the timid and awkward found themselves endowed with gifts and qualities never before suspected. A friend who knew her well at this time, says of her,—"None were too insignificant or too humble to gain her interest. She had a rare gift in developing as well as in discovering the hidden nobleness which lies, too often dormant, in every human soul."

After leaving the neighbourhood, she went, on one occasion, to visit some dear friends at Prudhoe, and was carried past to the next station. She had to walk back along a turnpike road, and through a colliery village. On her way, she stopped to rest at a cottage; and saw there a deaf and dumb child. She so much interested herself in this child that she finally procured its admission into the School for the Deaf and Dumb at Newcastle, where the little girl received of course a suitable training. Years afterwards, Miss Greenwell sought her out, and found her both happy and useful.

On another occasion, she met a young woman

in the train, in those regions, who, upon hearing that Miss Greenwell was a fellow-passenger, asked to be allowed to speak to her. She told her, how, during the course of a long and painful illness, she had found the greatest comfort and guidance from her works.

While she lived at Ovingham, she appears to have conceived the idea of publishing a volume of poems. She was warmly encouraged in this project by her mother, and many friends. The result of this was the issue of her earliest publication by Mr. William Pickering, in 1848. One of the ladies at Prudhoe was the D.E.L. to whom some of her poems were addressed. This lady afterwards went to India, and died there. In her children, Dora took a deep and affectionate interest.

During the year before Miss Greenwell left the "Ford," and during the first year of her life at Ovingham, she kept at her side a little manuscript book, upon the inside of the cover of which she wrote "Stray Leaves"; with the words just above, "Horas non numero nisi serenas." In this small book she wrote impressions of what she read, or came into contact with in the passing days. Now and then she inserted poetical or prose extracts as in a commonplace book, and occasionally some translations of poetry. One frequent subject of remark, was beautiful or remarkable sunsets. These she often describes in the manner of Ruskin: with

similar pains, feeling, and skill. The word-painting is evidently stimulated by her reading of his works. The mention which she makes of him in the book favours the suggestion. The following words are so characteristic that many will be glad to read them. They were written in February, 1847.

"I have sometimes thought that Genius, particularly in its more highly-imaginative developments, as in the phase of mind which gives birth to Poetry, is a morbid mental condition affecting the intellectual powers, in the manner that disease acts upon the bodily ones. For instance, the gift of discovering hidden analogies, remote and fanciful resemblances, in which so much of Poetry consists, the *intense* aspect under which the outward world appears to the poet's eye; the light in which it unconsciously clothes the 'palpable and familiar,' to say nothing of the ideal phantasies *his* pure maiden imagination bodies forth from 'airy nothing,' might be assimilated first to the preternatural energy with which severe bodily agony has been known in many stages of disease to endow the faculties of sight, hearing, and memory; and, secondly, to the extraordinary and wearying flow of ideas which all invalids will recognize as attendant upon the excitements of fever, or the wild and wholly unreal phantasmagoria incident to a yet higher accession.

"I suppose a comparison might also be carried out between the extreme susceptibility to every

varied impression, which must of necessity form part of the poetical temperament, and the corresponding bodily condition of excessive nervous irritability. Mrs. Hemans (in a moral sense) used to speak of the nerves of her mind as being *unsheathed.*

"Still it seems somewhat degrading to so bright and precious a gift, to be looked upon but as a *brilliant disease.* Yet, however blessed the faculty may be to its possessor,—and one of the most richly-endowed has declared that Poetry has been to him *her own,* and exceeding great reward,—and however purifying in its general influence on others, it is difficult to reflect deeply on the workings of the powers essentially *creative,* genius or imagination in its highest sense, without arriving at the conclusion that it must originate in a mental condition sufficiently ill-balanced and unhealthy to justify the *moral* of the Welsh Legend of the Rock, on which whoever slept one night awoke either *mad or a Poet!*"

CHAPTER III.

First volume of Poems.

1848.

IT was during the early part of her life, at Ovingham, that Miss Greenwell experienced the pleasure of the publication of her first volume of poems. This volume, I have said, was published in London by Mr. William Pickering. Lovers of books will remember the charming volumes which often issued in bygone days from the same publishing house. Type, paper, and general style, fully warranted their being called "the Aldine Edition"; and justified the well-known device, upon the title-page, of the Anchor and Dolphin; serving to perpetuate the fame of the Venetian printers who rendered such important service to the art to which they steadily and bravely devoted their lives.

It is a small volume of a little over two hundred pages, containing fifty-five poems of various kinds, ranging in length from a sonnet to a poem of twenty

pages. The title-page is faced by brief quotations from Alfieri and Akenside.

The first poem in the volume, "The Dream of a Poet's Youth," is founded on the romance of "The Improvisatore," by Hans Christian Andersen. It was Miss Greenwell's habit, very often, to "found" a poem upon some hints and suggestions which charmed or impressed her in the writings of others. This poem opens and proceeds with ample promise of the fine and stately manner which marks nearly all her poetry. It is evident that the deep feeling which had been awakened by the romance, found fitting expression in these touching lines. The spirit of the poem breathes in the opening stanza:—

Yes! I am old! no more may ye awaken
Deep answering chords that to the future thrill'd
When life was young! Time's measured sands are shaken,
Hope's pulse runs slow, its eager throbbings still'd,
To own the calm of destinies fulfilled.
Thy teachings, Life! have many been, and stern;
The heart of age hath gentler lore to learn.

All the depth of pathos, and truthfulness of sentiment, which we find in the poems, were striking features in her compositions to the last; as also the range of thought which is maintained throughout this "Dream of a Poet's Youth."

It was characteristic of one whose sympathies were always keen and strong for all who suffered from any defects or mishaps in physical or mental existence, that she should, as far back as 1846,

when she was only beginning to climb the slopes of Parnassus, have composed that sweet poem, "The Deformed Child." There is a tender perception and recognition of the mingled sorrows and compensations which blend so closely in lives like that of the crippled weakling whose painful and touching story it tells. No one who reads, and is interested in the poem, can fail to notice the intimate acquaintance with the joys and sorrows of common homes, which it so beautifully reveals. In such lowly, simple, but true life, whether in its individual or family aspects, Miss Greenwell always took the deepest interest. There is evidence, also, of the deep appreciation which she cherished concerning the religious aspects of life; and the help which Heaven provides for us that we may bear with becoming equanimity the trials which enter into our lot. The Gospel of Divine Love, which she never wearied of proclaiming, is sweetly uttered in the lines:—

Then the kind doctor says, and he is very seldom wrong,
That I some day, when no one thinks, may grow both stout and strong;
And should I be, through all my life, a care unto my friends;
Yet, father says, there are *worse* cares than God Almighty sends!

And I will think of this, and then I never can feel dull,
But pray to God to make me good, and kind and dutiful;
And when I think on Him that died, it makes my heart grow light,
To know that feeble things on earth are precious in His sight.

A "Winter Song," which follows "The Deformed Child," is dated December 19th, 1846, and opens with vigour, and feeling:—

Cold, cold; it is very cold
Without the house; the year is old!
His pulse is faint, and his blood runs slow,
He lies, like a corpse, in his shroud of snow;
It was drawn round his limbs by a noiseless sprite;
He grew white with age in a single night.
Wrap him up close, and cover him deep:
Nothing is left for him now but to sleep!

She has not often surpassed, in the region of poetry to which this belongs, the vivid conception, the fine idealization, and the powerful description of the lines that follow:—

All day falls the snow through the darkened air;
Fast, fast! for it knows, firm packed together,
The clouds have laid stores in for wintry weather;
Dark, dark! like a lazy slave, the sun
Leaves his short half-day's work all undone;
But the night is clear, and the stars shine forth,
And the fire-flags stream in the frosty north,
And the glistening earth, in the moon's pale ray,
Looks fair with the smile of a softer day:
Red breaks the morn, and the evening glows
With the sea-shell's blush on the drifted snows,
Rose-tinted pearl! while 'mid the glooms
The flake-feathered trees show like giant plumes,
No stir awakes in the death-like woods,
In those still enchanted solitudes,
Wreathed in all wild fantastic forms
Are the tomb-like halls of the King of Storms,
The streams are all chain'd, and their prison'd waves
Sleep a charmèd sleep within crystal caves.

"The Daughter of the Hall" appears in this earliest volume. It is a lively, brisk, warm-hearted effusion, of a different type from those already mentioned. It shows that the author had the capacity for conceiving and expressing varied sentiments, and for sympathizing with manifold forms of life, and diversities of character. I often expressed to her my regret that this pretty poem was not retained in all the one-volume editions of her miscellaneous poems.

Among the sonnets, which were published in this earliest volume, there are two fine ones, suggested by some words of Le Prince Juan Manuel de Castille, in the 13th century, "Le Bien ne meurt jamais." There is a grasp of the grandeur of human life, and a lofty estimate of its vast meaning and scope, which Miss Greenwell's readers, of both her prose and poetry, must ever recognize as being specially characteristic of her nature and powers. I feel that I must transfer one of these sonnets to these pages :—

O faithful words ! "The Good may never die ! "
Though weak the hopeful germ, and slowly here,
Unto the full corn in its perfect ear,
The scattered seeds of promise ripening lie,
They bear a fruitage for eternity !
Faith's soft, unspoken utterance, the tear,
The tear that falls o'er sin when none save God is near,
The kiss of kind forgiveness, and the sigh
For other's woe ! small off'rings these may be,
Yet precious unto God their odorous breath,

For in *His* eyes, Who sees not as men see,
The Will embalms the deed with sanctity—
These are the palm-leaves of our fadeless wreath!
The amaranth-blooms that own no touch of Death!

There are two very fine sonnets, based, like the first poem in the volume, upon Christian Andersen's "Improvisatore." To these she gives the title "Annunciata." There are also two connected with Quinquagesima Sunday, 1847, on "The Memorial of Mary"; the first of which is founded upon the narration of the touching incident given in St. Mark's gospel, ch. xiv. 9.

"They who have much received will love the more;
Seest thou this woman's deed?" Oh record fair
Of LOVE that gave its all, nor sought with care,
To tell its treasures duly o'er and o'er,
Or count the cost! well knowing that its store
Might spend its fulness and rest debtor there!
Of PENITENCE that dried with unbound hair
The holy feet its tears had washed before;
Of FAITH that read within that eye benign
The mild approval of its sacrifice,
That heard the meek upbraiding "kiss of thine,
Or tear I found not," greet the worldly wise,
That met the gracious sentence, "Mary, rise!
Thy name shall live FOR EVER, linked with MINE!"

"The Old Family" reveals the strong, even passionate admiration which Miss Greenwell felt for some beautiful aspects of life, and some customs that were even then beginning to pass away. The best side of the old-fashioned life is here brought forth. The writer was never slow to perceive that

it was useless to *pine* over such vanished excellences and glories; nor was she in the least incapable of understanding that there were darker aspects of those seemingly beautiful relations which obtained between squires and peasants in those days that have gone. Speaking of the "Old Family," she sings,—

They were as much our own, that still their pleasure was our pride,
When a child was born unto the house, or the heir brought home his bride;
We owned a part in all they had—it seemed that we went shares
In Life, when we partook their joys, and half forgot our cares.

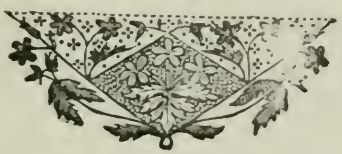
And we catch easily and sympathetically all that she means by the stanza,—

And strangers now live at the Hall, oh! sad to us and strange
It seems, to see their places filled, when hearts have known no change;
Strange voices sounding in our ears, strange faces in the pew,
When Sunday found the fairest ones, the dearest that we knew.

It is a fine piece of poetical lament, and expressed with the strength that is born only of personal experience.

It does not, however, lie within the scope of these Memoirs to enumerate the contents of Miss Greenwell's numerous publications, nor even to charac-

terize all the choicest of her literary and poetical productions. I should certainly pause lovingly over the "Songs of Farewell," "Alone," from the German of Arndt, the "Ballad," beginning "Do ye think of the days that are gone, Jeanie?" "The Irish Emigrant's Song," and many others. That the volume, as a whole, gave promise of remarkable poetical achievements, and unmistakable evidence of genius, there cannot be a doubt; and the reception which it met upon its publication very quickly led to the issue of a second volume.



CHAPTER IV.

Golbourne.

1850—1854.

MISS GREENWELL had no settled home for some time after leaving Ovingham, in the year 1850. Arrangements had not yet been completed for the reception of herself and her parents at Golbourne Rectory; her brother, Mr. Alan Greenwell, having been appointed the rector of the parish.

A lady, who still lives at Golbourne, recalls some tender and interesting memories of Dora, in those years. She seems to have gained a very strong and lasting hold upon the hearts of her brother's parishioners. So far as health permitted, she ministered to the sick and sorrowful with such unfailing gentleness and sympathy that her visits are still remembered with deep interest. The young people were evidently her especial care. As she was not strong enough to attend the Sunday School, she had a class of girls at the Rectory on Sundays; and, during Mr. Alan Greenwell's absence in Italy

for his health, she undertook the management of his class of young men on week-day evenings at the Rectory. This class was very popular among the young men, who manifested a chivalrous devotion to their lady-teacher. The village had been much neglected; and, until the church was built in 1849, there were only distant churches for the people to attend. Mr. Greenwell was the first rector. As soon as he came, the parish was carefully organized with a view to religious work and supervision, and he and his sister strove hard to enlighten and help the people. This happy and earnest work was continued, until, after many efforts to preserve his health, Mr. Greenwell was compelled to resign his charge of the parish in 1854.

Evidently Dora's own health was not improving in Lancashire; but she had the sympathetic help of a cousin in her school and parish work during her brother's tour in Italy. She sends in one of her letters, during this period, a message to a friend, couched in the following terms:—"Tell Miss K—— I have had so much to do, and have gone about delivering such awful homilies on morals and *manners*—the last being rather at a low ebb in Lancashire—that I have quite got my name up in the parish; and *lord* it so in the Boys' School, who are a rough set, that I fear I am acquiring quite a taste for domineering and hectoring; and I can only advise you, my dear Sarah, whose deficiency

in these useful arts so painfully impressed me, to come over here for a few lessons."

Reference is made in the same correspondence, to the presence in the Greenwell home, of a dear friend,—Miss Josephine Grey, of Dilston, now very widely known as Mrs. Josephine Butler. She says, in one of the letters,—"My dear Josephine continues to be a great comfort and help. We are very busy, working together; but do not think of publishing at present. I read a book lately which would delight you, —Hugh Miller's "My Schools and Schoolmasters." It is full of the most lovely descriptions of scenery I ever read. True word-painting; showing that love for nature, which must be enough, when joined, as in this case, with deep religion, to make the happiness of a life."

An important sentence or two occur towards the end of the above note:—"I must claim your sympathy. Mrs. Browning (I hear) is in the town, and *impending*."

As far back as this period, I find frequent references to weakness, and interruptions arising from ill-health. She was often compelled to seem remiss and negligent in her correspondence from the same cause. To the friend from whose treasured letters the above extracts have been made, she says,—"I have not written to you, from the same reason which has kept me silent in the case of many other dear friends, because writing now tires me very much;

and having a good many necessary letters, to say nothing of literary affairs, (in which, however, I have not done much lately,) I find myself obliged to draw my correspondence within very narrow limits." In this same note, she asks her correspondent to purchase, and send out to India to her friend's sister, (whom Dora deeply loved,) a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," saying:—"Tell her I can send her nothing *half so good*, if I were to lay out pounds instead of pence. I have never read anything which has made such a profound impression on me. I should like to know, when you write again, what you think of this wonderful, human-hearted, and deeply Christian book. It is not a *religious novel*, but a religious book in the sense in which our life should be religious."

Referring, in one of her letters, to the increasing feebleness and sickness of her father, Miss Greenwell mentions with all the generosity and gratitude which she was accustomed to cherish until the end of her life for all kind and tender service, the devotion of a good servant to her father's welfare.

"We find our Jane quite a treasure. She is so devoted to her master's comfort; and never thinks she can do too much for him. Next to a good friend, I do think a good servant is a treasure to be thankful for. Indeed, I often think they have more in their power than the first; as they are on the spot, and able to be useful at times, when

perhaps the kindest and truest friend can only help one with a wish or a prayer."

In this letter she writes of Hawthorne's "Mosses from an old Manse," and the "House with Seven Gables," remarking:—"I am altogether entranced with Hawthorne; though I find few to enter into my ecstasies."

She says to her friend, in a letter on Nov. 4th, (1849 or 1850,) "I feel that I am writing, my dear friend, a very slipshod letter; but all my wits, I think, have walked into my book; (which is already in a very advanced state, and demands a very great deal of parental solicitude.) However, as my affections have by no means followed their flight, you will more readily forgive, I hope, the absence of brilliancy."

It was to one of the friends, with whom Dora was now in loving correspondence, that in the year 1850, she inscribed the pretty poem, which chronicles a memorable incident. It appears in a later volume, with the title,

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

To D. E. L.

Too full our hearts of sorrowful delight,
Of parting converse, that one night, I ween,
For dream of Midsummer or Fairies' Queen;—
As thou sat'st by the window in my sight,
The moonbeams touched thy forehead, cold and white,
And thou didst *speak in moonlight!* so serene
And soothing were thy words, and all thy mien,

Transparent as thy soul! when swift and bright
(So did our talk the short-lived night beguile)
The sun broke in to bid us make an end
With his beginning! Since that hour, dear friend,
I never think on thee, so calm the while
Yet cheerful, but the sweetness seems to blend
Of moonlight and of sunlight in thy smile!

I have preserved the exact form which the sonnet bore at first. The fourth line was altered upon publication.

In the letter from which the last extract was made, Miss Greenwell writes, "Tell my dear S—— to tell my friend and hers, that there is a poem in my volume, called 'A Song of Rest,' which she must consider as inscribed to herself, as she will recognize in it a rather solemn but sweet discourse we once held together, and which I doubt not she remembers as distinctly as I do." The volume referred to is the second volume of poems, now "far-advanced," and published in 1850.

This second volume was issued with the title, "Stories that might be True; with other Poems." The first poem in the volume is of a tender pastoral kind, which suggests a thought of Mr. Tennyson's "Dora"; the spirit and the style of which it certainly resembles. It cannot fail to be deeply appreciated by the friends of Miss Greenwell, who can catch in every line the note of genuine sympathy with all human love and suffering which was never

absent from her nature. The simplest and humblest yearnings of poor people were often subjects of her conversation. With what some altogether superficial observers would have called *naïveté*, she was accustomed to refer to the sentiments and experiences of her servants, which were as important in her eyes as the loves and the sorrows of the high-born and the cultured. Her friends knew well enough, that, with her, poetry was the vivid and truthful expression of her heart's deep feelings, not the pretty simulation of sentiments which play their part in the drama of the emotions.

This poem is happily included amongst her "Earlier Poems" in the later volumes which Miss Greenwell gave to the world, as well as many others which are first of all found in this second publication. "Childhood" is one of them. It is well remembered by her readers. She describes a garden which was dear to childhood :—

The purple bloom was on my life,
The down unbrushed away;
My world was then like His that first
A happy garden knew,
Unworn, and fresh, and glistening bright
With shining spheres of dew;
My soul was full of light that passed
As through a tinctured pane
In warm and vermeil hues, and cast
On all its gorgeous stain;
The dial on its grassy mound
That silent marked the hours,

(Time's footfall then awoke no sound
That only trod on flowers,)
The sun-flowers and the moon-flowers,
(These were lilies white and tall,)
The ancient griffins that looked down
Upon me from the wall.

How delicately sweet, and yet how ardent and expressive are the lines, further on,—

I had no Future then, no Past,
My life was unto me
But one bright *Now*—the happiness
That has no history!
Still hath my heart a hearth, but now
Its circle is so wide,
That those it burns for, never meet
Around it side by side;
They are severed, they are scattered,
And now the twilight's fall
Too often only comes to me
With shadows on the wall;
Soon filled was childhood's measure,
The childish heart was small,
Yet they that made its treasure
Were its own—it held them ALL!

There is tender and beautiful music in the closing lines of the poem :—

Now is that hearth deserted,
So warm and bright of yore,
And that pleasant garden—through its paths
I shall never wander more;
It is closed to me as surely
As if to bar my way,

The Flaming Sword before its gate
  Was turning night and day;
Yet I would not therefore sever
  My spirit from the light,
But strive to widen ever
  Its circle of delight;
For all things from it taken,
  And all it seeks in vain,
Together prest and shaken
  Shall fill it yet again;
For each dim and shadowy token,
  Each hint to childhood given,
Each promise earth hath broken
  Shall yet be kept in Heaven,
When joy and peace long-parted
  Meet in an endless kiss,
And perfect love is joined at last
  To pure and perfect bliss!
For the great and gracious Giver,
  Till He spread both hands to bless
The cup that ever floweth o'er,
  And never holdeth less,
With the blessing without sorrow,
  With the long and perfect Day
Of light, that hath no morrow
  To take its joy away,
Lets not the heaped-up measure
  Within the bosom fall;
Keeps back His richest treasure
  Until He gives it ALL!

There are some translations in this volume as in the former; some beautiful ones, for instance, from the German of Uhland. The poems throughout the attractive little book are of the sort which celebrate the feelings of the heart. Miss Greenwell had

always an open heart to romance; and she had not yet entered that region of poetry where the heart has a tendency to become philosophic and meditative, and in which it too often loses the abandonment and unquestioning joy of earlier years.

CHAPTER V.

The Durham Period.

1854—1872.

THE Durham period is, in many respects, the most important, and certainly, in a literary sense, the most fruitful period of Miss Greenwell's life. She was in her thirty-third year when she came back from the Lancashire Rectory to her native county; and, with her mother, settled quietly down in the fine old city, not far away from Greenwell Ford, and amongst many friends and relatives. Although she showed many signs of the weakness which always distressed her frail body, this was the time of her largest intellectual efforts and achievements. I am fortunately able to offer the reader many extracts from her correspondence during this period, and also some valuable reminiscences and impressions with which a few of her friends have favoured me. It is, however, important that we should gain a glimpse of the city and society in which she lived for eighteen years. Her old and

beloved friend, Mrs. Waite, of the Vicarage, Norham-on-Tweed, has, at my earnest request, furnished me with the following delightful sketch of Durham, that it might occupy the place in these pages which I now most gladly give it.

"From the pleasant occupations, but busy cares and anxieties, of her life at Golbourne Rectory, Dora Greenwell came to live in Durham, the most beautiful of northern cities: with its ancient, quaint, irregular streets, narrow and steep; its bridges spanning the river which winds round it on three sides; its hanging woods and walks, and,—climax of its beauty,—the hill, tower-crowned with the Cathedral, the College, the Palace, Green, and Castle, with manifold terraces and gardens. Few that have seen the view from the Station or Observatory Hill, are likely to forget the magnificence of the majestic pile of buildings emerging from trees and orchards, and overlooking long scarlet lines of tiled houses marking Gilesgate, South Street, and Framwellgate.

"At the time of which we speak, a change was coming upon both city and neighbourhood. Little more than twenty years had elapsed since the rule of the last prince-Bishop, who, dividing his residence between Auckland and Durham, held from time to time almost regal state in the Castle, with an army of servants and retainers, making munificent gifts to charities, and entertaining with a splendid hos-

pitality; an example not neglected by the Dean and the Prebendaries of golden stalls. These, according to popular notions, were the good old times, and the memory of them is treasured still by old inhabitants.

"But the ecclesiastical legislation following upon the Reform Bill, which reduced the splendour of these dignitaries, was beginning to take effect. The canonries were gradually dwindling from twelve to six, and the emoluments decreasing in a still greater proportion. And coincidently with the decline of ecclesiastical prestige, came a large development of the mineral resources of the district, covering the surface of the country with coke-ovens and iron-works, and leaving Durham an oasis in a desert of coal-pits. Society was in a transition stage; for a new class, reaping a harvest of wealth from these industries, was beginning to take a position of influence; whilst, at the same time, an old type of character, of which there were many singular specimens in Durham, was fast dying out under the more uniform and equalising agencies of a modern world. Many of these were shrewd, clever, vigorous people, whose keen intellects, strongly-marked individuality, witty sayings, and amusing deeds, will long be remembered by those who knew them.

"But, notwithstanding those changes, Durham was still the remnant of its ancient self. There was abundant culture and learning amongst the Canons and the Professors of the University, whilst the

country gentry, who still had houses in or near the city, contributed a cheerful element from the outer world.

"Dora Greenwell lived in the midst of it all; but how far it elicited her sympathies, or affected her character, it is difficult to say. As a rule, earliest impressions are strongest; and the mind that has had strength to mark out its own line is not likely in later years to be more than superficially influenced by place and social circumstance. The natural tendency was perhaps in all cases to select the personal objects of her interest rather than to fall in with the general current.

"But she lived under the shadow of the great Cathedral for eighteen of the best years of her life. Its chiming clock told every hour of them, and the bells, ringing close by, parted the day into the ancient divisions of matins and evensong. Antique houses cluster near, with quaint rooms and an old-world air, redolent of bygone days; and in two of them, in succession, she had her home. Both were in the 'Bailey,' so called from the *Vallum*, or outer defence of the enclosure within which the Castle and Cathedral stand.

"Houses take their character from those who dwell in them; and no woman ever filled a house more completely with her presence than Dora Greenwell. She diffused about her an atmosphere of intellect, fancy, and feeling; and those who visited her there,

felt the charm of restful peace, and the absence of all outer hurry and bustle enter into their own spirits."

In her first volume of poems, she gives to us her own impressions of the Cathedral, in a sonnet, dated "Durham, March 4, 1847."

> There, from the casement, fair, as in a dream
> I watched, with loving eye, that ancient pile
> Whereon the sunlight lingerèd awhile,
> From the red west with rich, decaying gleam
> Of splendour fading in a solemn stream ;
> Then, turning, met a soft and pictured smile,
> Whose imaged sweetness Thought might well beguile
> From the bright real to the things that seem !
> Where, graceful peasant, from thy lip and eye
> Breathed the rich south's soul-kindled witchery—
> I gazed—and owned, oh wondrous gift ! thy part,
> To shrine an inner life within our care,
> To fling HEAVEN'S kindly sunshine round the heart,
> And lead the dim, earth-darkened spirit *there*.

The letters, which follow in the next chapter, will afford many delightful glimpses of Dora in the varying phases of her Durham life; but, I may introduce here the following pretty memories of those days, furnished by one who knew and loved her well.

This lady says, that one of Miss Greenwell's simple pleasures, was to join her and her sister at tea, and breathe the perfumed air which came from their flower-garden and the neighbouring fields, when the sweet spring time came round with its

varied charms. Mrs. Greenwell took special interest in promoting these little visits, for she seems to have perceived that they were comforting to her daughter. The lady who recalls the recollections of those days—the only surviving member of the little group—speaks of herself as having been at the time a kind of Martha, careful and anxious that all the tea-table comforts and accessories should be pleasing to the beloved guest. The first snowdrops were never forgotten by the hostess, and were always warmly appreciated by Miss Greenwell. The home-made cakes were precious to her, and her heart relished every simple delight that was provided by loving friends. It is known to all who ever had the privilege of coming into real contact with her true tastes and habits, that she had the grace which could as easily recognize the joys that lie always ready for loving hearts in the simplest circumstances, as those which are accompanied by the charms and splendours of culture, and what we call "society."

CHAPTER VI.

Correspondence with the Constable Family.

AS the following correspondence, and a subsequent chapter of reminiscences, will show, Miss Greenwell enjoyed very intimate and happy friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Constable, of Edinburgh, and their family. This friendship was formed at the time when she was doing some of her best work, although even that period was often marked by weakness and suffering. She found in the happy home circle at Edinburgh abundant satisfaction and joy; and a visit to these friends frequently renewed her vigour, which often failed during the time of her mother's ill-health, and demanded, as that could not fail to do, her devoted attention and care. Mrs. Greenwell cherished, not less than Dora herself, the pleasure of this delightful friendship, and threw no obstacles in the way of its enjoyment. Mr. Thomas Constable, (whom the reader will recognize as the son of Sir Walter Scott's intimate friend—Archibald Constable—and, like his father, a publisher

though for a short time only,) was acquainted with all the leading literary men in Scotland; and Miss Greenwell was thus brought into contact with many persons whom she was thankful to meet and to know. Edinburgh became for many years the centre of her literary associations and enjoyments. Nothing ever cooled the ardour of her affection for this family. Mr. Constable's all too premature death in May, 1881, was a sad blow to her, which her own increasingly feeble condition rendered her unable to bear without extreme suffering.

Some intimate correspondence with the Constable family may very suitably be introduced here. It is almost impossible to be certain as to the dates of many of the letters. All that one can be sure of, is, that those included in this chapter belong to the Durham period. I find that Mr. Constable and Miss Greenwell had begun to correspond in 1859; but it was not till the following year that the close friendship began which lasted through all succeeding years, and is now cherished with real thankfulness and joy by the surviving members of the Constable family.

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.

"46, NORTH BAILEY, DURHAM,

"*December 1st*, 1860.

"I am so glad you like the 'Novum Organum.' There is no book which gives me such a sense of greatness; because the sayings are like keys which

turn every way and *fit* whichever chamber of truth you want to turn into,—physical, mental, and moral science alike. That leading axiom of his, for instance, that 'Nature is only conquered through submission,' is just as applicable to heavenly things as to earthly. The great secrets of the Redeemer's kingdom are gradually unfolded to the faithful, patient, and obedient. 'Those who seek shall find.' Lord Bacon seems to have been the first person firmly persuaded of this in natural science, that Nature was self-explaining, and would answer questions at first hand; and thus he brought the human spirit out of the barren circle it had been so long travelling in. Do you know Macaulay's essay on Bacon? Nothing even of Macaulay is so good. He represents Bacon as being, like Moses, at once the Prophet and the Leader of the human race into the Land which is even now ever widening around us. I have often been interested to think that, about the same time as Bacon, there was a humble person living in France,—'Palissy the Potter,'—who had got upon the same practical track and saw things in their true connection, at an age when the gravest people were believing in Astrology and Alchemy, melting gold and precious stones for medical purposes, etc. Palissy was like Bacon, too, in uniting a richly poetic spirit to this strong, practical insight; and in every moral quality, how far, far superior to the 'wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind.'

"Did Lizzy tell you what a success the photograph was—one impression quite first-rate in all respects, (the sun must that day have been in his very happiest humour), and the other, though less perfect, had some things about it so nice that I could not find it in my heart not to bring it *too*, for which your papa called me very grasping and covetous, thinking I might have left *one* for the good of the house in general. I meant by way of compromise to have bestowed a shilling one of myself upon them; but I took cold just before leaving, and was kept to the house, almost to the bed, which, however, was quite a season of luxury, as you will believe when I tell you I had your dear, dear mamma to nurse me and talk to, —besides which, Lizzy, who had also a cold, came to play with me, and Tommy read me aloud the 'Lotus Eaters,'—you cannot imagine *how* beautifully, and it took us quite into Classic and Mythologic regions. I made great friends with Tommy before I came away, a silent, happy sort of friendship; as I do not think, except upon this single occasion, we ever had a real talk together. He is coming, I expect, to spend the 'preachings' with us. I have reached the end of my paper and of my time—long ago. I have very little pocket-money in the way of time, now, to spend as I like."

"*Feb.* 15*th*, 1861.

"I must write to you both, to let Lucy know, in case she has not heard it already, that her husband

never looked so well, or was so altogether nice and dear as on this last visit; only it was hard, after cheering and comforting our hearts, to take *so much* of them away with him. Worse than even the first original raid, as there was the addition of all that unconscionable, remorseless quantity of paper and string. Oh! it was a nice visit; such an one as one has not often, so quiet and settled, and full of true communion. We love to think and talk of it, only my mother says she cannot now *do* any longer without knowing Lucy; she seems to feel herself almost aggrieved in only having heard about her.

"I hope you will soon, very soon, as soon as ever the weather is milder, carry out your little project of coming over. I think seeing you has made me *want* my dear Lucy more than ever. When you come, if it is fine, we will stroll about and have our own 'pretty talk,' and be a three-leaved shamrock of wisdom and affection. I set out almost immediately after you left, and I thought much of you both on the way, and how when we are all old and rich we would take tours (or towers) together; and had a pleasant little visit, and met some nice people, philanthropic and partly Scotch, which last was very consoling. Since my return I have been full of small engagements, first to a dinner-party at some very old friends, a dear old gentleman and his daughter, which ended, through some strange casualties, in being no party at all. Some did not come,

and those who did, left immediately after dinner to attend a concert; so we had the glory of a certain stylish, well-dressed feeling, and the pleasure of being by ourselves, and grew so merry and affectionate, it was quite delightful. Since then I have had, and have, a dear cousin with me, my oldest friend, the 'E. M.' of my first book, of whom Mr. Taylor said, 'she was the best *daily bread* person he knew.' She has always been a *great deal* to us, though our families have been divided, sometimes through outward circumstances—at least in some degree,—and we never meet without at once taking up the tale of life just where we left it, sure of each other's hearts. Oh! how sweet, how precious are those things which one can safely number among the things which cannot be shaken, or which a good shake only roots firmer."

TO MRS. CONSTABLE.

"*August 8th*, 1864.

"My Dear Beloved Friend,—I have always been intending to write to you from *Keswick*, and here I am sitting, quite late at night, after a long golden day at Buttermere and Crummock, in such a nice tidy little bedroom, an offset from the inn, which is very full. I have contracted friendly relations with the person of the house, who is a well-to-do old maid, a relation, I find, of your Mrs. Threlkeld. She is a sort of (volunteer) Bible woman, and belongs to that order of Christians who must be

ever acceptable to all their fellow-Christians; "acceptable to their brethren," like Ashur; only I do not think any one in the Old Testament was ever half so nice; the sort, I mean, who follow you about with cups of tea, and wraps, and all manner of kindly deeds and proffers. She has also a great deal of character, and I could spend much time, if I had it, in talking to her. The dialect here strikes me as extremely broad and unpleasing; not *redeemed*, as the Scotch is, by cadence and poetry; yet I should fancy the people here are shrewd and intelligent, and have many chatty and companionable features. We passed sweet Grange; I hope I may come to see you there next year. Oh, my Lucy! how much I thought of you all. I saw your dear names written in the little inn at Buttermere. The thought of you endeared my whole way. Nature is very fair; but to me she can never be but the background to some affection which puts a soul into her; *then* she smiles and speaks. One feels very near to God, I think, among these hills, and near to all whom one best loves; near, too, to one's youth and childhood, and to all that might have been in one's life, and was not, and to all the unspeakable felicity that God will yet work within us through Him Whom He has chosen. How often, during these past days, have I thought of those words—'If God so clothe the grass of the field.' Every stone seems here instinct with beauty, something lovely thrusting itself out of

every chink. Do you remember a glade running up behind Mr. A. Fisher's house, with ferns living in little happy families, beneath broad damp stones, and piers of moss running into the clear rushing stream? I hope you and I may go there some day, and together; the valleys and glens are my delight, with their green peaceful bays of verdure, and the trees tripping down the mountain sides. I have discovered that there is nothing in Nature which I admire so little as a lake, unless it is a waterfall, which seems to me a too artificial and got-up thing to belong to Nature at all. A lake is cold, impassive, treacherous; wanting, to my feelings, all that a river (or brook especially) gives: life, movement, progress, a friendly, communicative charm. *This* is the best lake. The mountains at one end of Crummock are grand. Mountains I have a respect for, as things having life in themselves; *they* are companions, full of steadfastness, yet of change and mystery."

TO MRS. CONSTABLE.

"*December 8th*, 1868.

"My Very Dear Friend,—If you were thinking of me even more than usual, so must I have been of you, for I had last night a sense that we were, even all of us, present to the other in true, unchanging love; and I began a letter headed—'Dearest Papa, Mamma, Archy, Lizzie'—and Tommy I would add, I am sure, only I have not

yet got him so firmly woven in into the fourfold cord. I have scarcely even an opportunity now to write one of those long, detailed letters, which I know you like; and when I have a little time to myself, I sometimes find it does me more good to take up some grand, *wholly ideal* sort of book, such as Chaucer, that takes me quite away; otherwise I could tell you many particulars of our life that would interest you greatly. It has been trying and harassing to me to a degree which you can scarcely conceive; but I consider all this is in a great degree of the past, now that my kind, good brother is coming to live with us. You would scarcely believe, my dear Lucy, how little good one's kindest friends *outside* do or can do, in the way of lifting a continual heavy strain like this. When they come in, I, for instance, have in some degree to exert myself to entertain them. Now, a friend *within* is a part of all, expects no amusing, is a safety valve for one's inevitable griefs and discontents, and gives that *relief* which is one of heaven's best balms for care and sorrow. It is wonderful what the human heart can go through when it has some one thing, that it really delights in, to turn to, as a green spot, for however short a time. A beloved being is best of all, but even a favourite, congenial occupation will do a great deal. How I wish I could get to you, even for a week. As you have not got to see me so far, I would rather

now *your* visit was put off till finer weather. I have such a wish for us to see the 'Ford'—my old own home—together, as well as to enjoy the scenery here. My dearest Lizzy, I hope, may come and stay with us before very long—and the dear man? Is there no chance of a call from him on his way from London? He would rejoice in the Bishop of London's translation; it seems very grand to have an intimate friend an Archbishop. Tell him the most I can do in grandeur is, that it is supposed that the Duke of Northumberland is deeply engaged in reading my Essay in the N. B., which has been recommended to him by an eminent Newcastle physician! If I visit him at Alnwick, I shall come on to see you, before the aristocratic bloom dies off. I never felt so proud of Scotland as this year. It seems *wonderful* that so strongly, perhaps narrowly, Protestant a country should have kept so true to the great leading principles of truth and freedom, where the R. C.'s were concerned; and redounds to Scotland's everlasting glory! I think I am almost the only *liberal* lady in Durham, except dearest Dora and Polly, whose convictions are chiefly founded on the 'blue' member and his delightful wife being their papa and mamma's bosom friends! However, at my birthday tea-drinking, they looked most charming in their blue beads and bows,

> Fair and fair, and twice as fair,
> And as fair as may be;

while the three gentlemen of the party, Franky and two pleasant Grammar boys, were ultra 'reds'—*i.e.*, strongly monarchical and conservative, believing in Charles I., etc. Universal harmony, however, prevailed. Tell Lizzy and Archie I am more than ever bent on going to Paris, perhaps Spain, with them, or with you and papa, if you can so arrange it. I hope you are content with Miss Fick. How many things we have to talk about, Rossini included, whom I *do* believe I think first and first. I grow to like strength of melody. Have you seen Caroline Southey's poems, published lately by Blackwood? It has been quite a treasure to me; *exquisite poetry*, I think, although too little passion and colour for our present day; and though a good deal older than we are, all the books she read, I find, (and so perhaps will you,) are the same I had as a little girl.

"Farewell for the present, my dear, dear friend. I do often want things from Edin; and will not forget to send. I expect Caroline Richardson to stay with us. I was so pleased by your asking her to Kirkland. When you come, we will go over and see them; they are such favourite friends of mine.

"Your loving

"D. G."

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.

"*September* 21*st*.

"I had such a lovely, perfect day at the 'Ford' yesterday; the whole programme altered, and set

into quite a different key, but so sweet in its way; it was one of those days I never can forget—the place quite lovely. Mind, we must go there the first time you are here,—or even if I were dead, you must still go,—only that it seems (as people sometimes look) as if it never could be the same it was yesterday: the woods so rich and sun-tinted, the meadows so warm and browsing, the gardens so still and enchanted, and aching with scarlet against the dark green, like a heart too full."

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.

"Your not coming has not proved, in Franky's phraseology, so 'great a sell,' *i.e.*, disappointment, to me, as you might reasonably and naturally have supposed, as, except spending the day at my brother's, which we can do any time, this is about the flattest time of the whole year with us; some friends away, others locked into their own families,—besides which I think Nature *never* is so austere as now. I always rejoice when we get fairly turned into the New Year, and positively enjoy the cold, bright, ever-lengthening afternoons, so full of hints and tender indications of the spring. I begin to find this even in January; and in February am so well content that I scarcely wish for anything more. So mind you are *due* here now. I am not likely to have any engagements, but if you chance to name an inconvenient time, I will be sure to let you know; and I think whenever you

come, we shall contrive to enjoy ourselves quite as much, if not more than now. The book * is *quite* lovely; far, far the prettiest gift-book I have yet seen. I have possessed it in German a long time, but have not quite entered into the spirit of the allegory; but this morning it was *given me* to do so. The little girls of course will not understand it fully, but they will *get at it* in some considerable degree. They were enchanting yesterday; if you could only have seen Polly dancing Scotch reels in the kitchen; she was like a virtuous and morally unimpeachable Maenad or Bacchante—but still like one! Such glow, and life, and movement, yet as true to the measure as fate itself; her ribbon fell out of her hair; as to her legs, they were a joy for ever, they flashed like the many-twinkling smile of ocean. She shuffled, and cut, and pounded away, in an inspiration drawn from watching the gardener, a tall, heavy, *very* grave-looking man, (with a very genteel, disconsolate-looking wife,) who was, in this style of dancing, the *facile princeps* of the absurdity. Dora floated and bounded like a sylph, and Maude glided in and out and round about everybody as still and softly as a moonbeam. Alan was most hearty as master of the revels, supported by Hannah, whom I think you know. Everybody danced, with the exception of three grey and grim widows and washer-

* An edition of "The Story without an End," illustrated by E. V. B.

women, who sat by, applausive, like a Greek chorus, soberly imbibing whisky and water. Even a poor broken down woman-of-all-work,—whose heart would have been broken, if hearts *could* be broken, ages and ages ago, by an altogether unmitigable husband,—joined in Sir Roger de Coverley, and passed under the Arch of Triumph with the rest. Does it ever strike you, Archie, at any festive gathering among really poor working people—I do not mean domestic servants, who are gay enough—how slowly they warm up into apparent enjoyment; how grave and fixed, almost imperturbable their faces are? This gives me an idea of the sadness and difficulty of humble life; the soil is too ungenial for flowers to come into quick bloom upon it; they need to be sometimes caressed and warmed, and talked and joked into expansion. Oh! how one's heart does ardently desire that promised time when the earth shall give forth her fulness, and man's deepest, purest capacities for joy be satisfied."

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.

"*March 24th.*

"You will grieve to learn that my mother has had a very serious paralytic stroke, and is quite helpless—free from pain, however—and so sweet and contented, and gay, it is wonderful. Our doctor thinks she will rally, as regards life; but what we fear is, that she will *not* regain the use of her limbs—a

serious prospect both to her and us. So far, we have every comfort, nothing else. It is a joy to be near her; the complete absence of irritability—and the *continual presence* of everything that is loving, considerate, and delightful—she seems, as it were, transfigured."

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.

"*June 14th*, 1868.

"My Dearest Archie,—You know something of the exigencies of my life, which lately have been rather more than usually pressing, and so you will easily understand how it is that I have not acknowledged your dear, delightful parcel. I thought—I will wait and write a nice, good, long letter, and in the meantime go on enjoying my goodies, just as much as if they were already thanked for. The arrival of ——, however, this morning, has been like the last ounce in breaking a camel's back load of gratitude, and I foresee in it such *hours and hours* of happiness, that I must scribble a few lines, although it is Sunday, and very near twelve o'clock. The 'Byron' is quite charming; I wish you could see how pretty it looks in a little stand nearly all to itself. The 'Dramatis Personæ' I take to whenever I have a few spare moments at night, and the goodies are the treasure of my existence. My mother is very angry with me for having appropriated them; but *she* has just had a third paper sent by her dear Mr. Barnes, besides

having a decided, and now almost exclusive, preference for barley-sugar; so that yours live with me in the drawing-room, and are handed about to geniuses, saints, and beauties. Dora, and Maude, and I played for them last night at Commerce. Dear Archie! you must not be very long in coming again, or we shall all be getting a good deal beyond you in intellect and general range of subjects. I have made Franky a present of the 'Morte d'Arthur,' and he and I have taken to suppers of quite orgiastic character. Many new features have come on the scene since you were here. My mother drives out constantly, and has formed a virtuous attachment to our next door neighbour, who carries her downstairs, and whom you will find established as a household word and fact. I can only describe him as 'Baxter.' I do not know whether he is descended from him of the 'Saint's Everlasting Rest,' or allied with the lady of that name in the Irish song —'Miss Baxter, who refused a gentleman before he axed her'; but he needs no derived lustre, being handiness, and readiness, and zeal personified; and having once lived at 'Ripley Castle,' (wherever that may be,) he sheds a courtly gleam over me—Margaret, Bessy, and Bell—that sunken foundation stone of our family edifice, whom you did not, I think, see, though her labours and sorrows you must have heard of. We are still threatened with occasional banishment (along with you) to Mainsforth. You

have no idea what a wonderfully pretty and pleasant old lady its owner is; and I think we might enjoy a fair share of domestic felicity with her; and good, long, talkative meals, without which any existence must be incomplete. What glorious weather it is; every day seems like a golden rose unfolding to its heart hour by hour. Have you got dear mamma back?

"D. G."

TO ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.

"34, ROYAL TERRACE,

"*January 2nd.*

"I was so glad to have a letter from you; it was brought in to me one very, very dull December afternoon, just before we left home, and the sight of your handwriting pleased and cheered me greatly. Not that I had thought your silence long, or attributed it in any degree to forgetfulness. I think correspondence, of a regular, settled kind, is hard to keep up; at least I find it so *now*; all I can do is to send a greeting from time to time, expecting one back at an uncertain interval, just to show me *where my friend is*. Do you remember in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' how cheered Christian was by the sound of Faithful's voice in the darkness? A voice, or the sound of a step, as we go onwards, is very reassuring, whether it goes before or follows us. Dear Archie, I cannot tell you how often I think about you, and always as such a true, dear friend. I have seen so little of you,

if numbered by days and hours, that I sometimes think it is a sort of prophetic feeling that in future days we may perhaps see more of each other, and help each other up to many high and beautiful regions, until I grow too old and weary for climbing, and then I will expect you to take care of me and carry me about. I have just one other friend of your age, who is now entering at Oxford with the happiest promise in all ways. I always connect you and him together in my heart, and feel about you both rather as a hen may do when she sees her ducklings taking to the water, and knows she cannot follow them, or guard them from danger, but only watch them from the shore. Do you remember Lizzy's favourite joke about 'a coople o' dooks'? It is not yet extinct, but has assumed a sort of historic dignity! Lizzy is looking so sweet and pretty, indeed they are all very pretty, beginning with papa, and only encountering one temporary check when we get as low down as Alex, who is less so than he was last year. I cannot tell you how happy we are here; it is such exquisite happiness to me to see my beloved friends, your father and mother, so appreciated and loved as they are by my mother! Although she appears pretty well, and is very cheerful, her strength and spirits have been greatly shaken by her late serious attack. She *needed* a stimulus, such as change gives, and she has *that* here, joined with all that can cheer and solace. Oh! my dear Archie, what a

boon it is for our hearts and souls to breathe habitually a *climate* such as that of this house, where everything good and lovely and to be desired seems not only possible, but natural, and the thing that is nearest to hand: 'it makes the Bible easier reading,' to quote a saying I heard not long ago of a poor half-witted girl, who asked if the Bible was the same always, it was so much easier to read in some houses than others. I seem to love your mother more and more; I believe it is only because every day adds, and *never takes anything away* from the former store. She fulfils to me the true Scriptural idea of rest. She is to me *a rest*; not mere negative repose, but positive, fulfilled calm and satisfaction. I think we never have this feeling towards anything that is not strong, as well as pure. I have heard that text, 'the mountains shall bring *peace*' so explained: a peace resting on sure reliability. One *reads* that in anything greatly prized—something that will bear all we hang upon it, something that will endure unto the end. It is *that*, endurance, steadfastness, which alone makes life great. One feels this in middle life, and what I think is the saddest part of it, is what Schiller expresses when he says, 'the strong hours conquer us,'—a sort of inward falling away, from the generous hopes, aspirations, and *resistances* of earlier days,—so that I feel I understand what St. John meant when he said, 'I write unto you, young men, *because ye are*

strong.' Youth, I am persuaded, *has its own strength*; sorely as that strength is often tried by difficulties and temptations; for it is pure nonsense to speak of youth, as people often do, both in poetry and prose, as gladness and nothing else. What I feel is, that I am now more wise, and tolerant; also, I hope, more sympathizing,—more able and free, I mean, to sympathize; but I miss something, a fervour and directness that carried me to my object with a spring and sweep. I have been busy lately with a sort of Life Allegory, which touches upon this subject among others. It is called 'Two Friends.' I will send you it when I get it finished."

TO MRS. CONSTABLE.

"*December 2nd.*

"Tell Lizzy we have founded a new composite order, composed of friends who unite the three grand constituent elements, in equal or unequal proportions—who are not much of beauties, less of geniuses, and nothing at all of saints."

CHAPTER VII.

Letters to Professor Knight.

1863.

THE Durham period included an important and very interesting correspondence with the Rev. William Knight, now Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's. A charming little book, on Professor Duncan, of the Free Church College, Edinburgh,—entitled "Colloquia Peripatetica," made Mr. Knight known to a numerous public, who did not fail to perceive that he was a man of refined literary taste and feeling. His contributions to the leading Reviews during recent years, and his splendid edition of Wordsworth, stamp him as a writer and critic of accomplished ability.

Professor Knight was good enough to place his letters from Miss Greenwell in my hands, almost immediately after I accepted the pleasant duty of preparing these Memoirs. They are so good, and

I am convinced will be so interesting to all her friends, that I have deemed it wise to present very numerous extracts from them. They cover a period of some seven years, and relate to a variety of subjects, ranging more especially through the regions of theology, philosophy, and poetry. References are made to the books which Miss Greenwell published during those years; and much light is cast upon them, for which, I know, many will be very grateful.

It seems most suitable and convenient to present these extracts in the order of the years in which the letters were written, and it also appears to me, that I shall consult the pleasure of the reader, by leaving the letters,—with the occasional insertion of a footnote,—to speak for themselves.

"CASTLEGATE HOUSE, YORK,

"*January 8th.*

"If your praise is heart-cheering, your criticism is truly invaluable; the more so, because it meets my own judgment; in fact, you help to clear my path to a foreseen end. I have put my whole heart into that book,* and I see that it has in it the breath of life; but looking through it, as I have done once or twice, since leaving home, I perceive,—more I think even than in the 'Patience of Hope,'—a general want and deficiency; and the question which arises

* The "Two Friends."

is, how far is this remediable? As to the undramatic character of the book, I did not, except at first, even try to make the 'Two Friends' different. It is, as you easily see, one mind, (my own,) under a slightly different aspect; Philip being meant to represent the practical working side, which in fact is a much more strong and real part of my mind than the imaginative. He looks, it is true, rather more like a real person (from some slight touches of individuality) taken from a person whom I greatly admire; but the ideas, sentiments, the things Philip relates, belong to myself only, and the two speakers are a mere form or vehicle for getting out the argument: and I still think, a happily chosen form for giving expression to thoughts that are after all only *intended* to be soundings. The true fault of the book is the one you point at,—the slenderness, sometimes invisibility, of the uniting thread. A friend of mine suggests that the plan of Mansel,—of indications of the subject in small type down the page,—would be a great help. I dislike, however, the idea of this. It would give a formal look, and seems to me only fitted for a student's book, keeping severely to its subject, like Whately's logic. Tell me, if you think I can improve the book in another edition, by expanding the discourses, and thus making them more easy reading. The truth is, that though the subjects of this book are such as are level with my life and thoughts, the writing of them

out has been a great strain and effort, more than I was equal to. I am persuaded that *the fibre* of a woman's brain is far more delicate than that of a man's ; and continuous connected thought brings on that physical pressure and exhaustion we spoke of, so that one longs to *have done*, somehow, anyhow. You will easily believe how very difficult the first dialogue was to write, leading as it does into such a wide region, and touching, as at pages 37—39, on subjects upon which even in talking to a friend who enters into all you feel, you can only touch and let go ;—so slender is the thread, the filament you hold by ; so interminable the labyrinth to which it leads you, and of which it is in some imperfect way the clue. Again, the last chapter is sadly huddled up towards the end, from pure weariness of a physical kind ; for the subjects it deals with, to me, can never lose their charm. In reading it, some of the concluding thoughts seem to me to be *thrown down* in fragments on the page. You will see (page 138) a quotation from one of your letters. This thought would bear expansion. The sentence, page 34, 'We can say to the dying,' is from a letter of Mr. Wilson's. I feel as if I could take any amount of pains to make this book better, and I thank you with all my heart for what you have told me ; but surely you *overstate* the possible good and value of what I write. In one of the very few congratulatory letters I have had, the lady who writes

tells me, that all my books give her a feeling of *freedom*. This pleased me greatly. My Church friends do not seem to approve of it at all, which I wonder at; as, surely, there is in it much of catholicity; and that part, relating to our common organic life in nature and in Christ, seems to me well and clearly brought out. What you say about my mind being assimilative, is strictly true; parasitical even would not have been too strong a word. It must *grow out* of something; either a feeling, or an outward impulse. An independent creation, such as the 'Faery Queen,' is so foreign to me, that it is only lately I have been able to enjoy and feel the greatness of such works. Yet my mind is, in so far original, that the impulse it receives never tends to imitation; it grows in its own shape and direction. I have felt this lately in the study of the Provençal literature, which has been to me quite an Open Sesame. I could explain to no one what an influence on me the idea of those old troubadours has; what a fresh breath, their songs, full of charm and allurement, has brought across my own poetry. And yet these songs are *au fond* commonplace, and the language they are written in, unknown to me. Still, the whole life of that age, fantastic as it really was, has become to me an ideal. *It had its ideal*, however it might transgress it;—one of love, and faith, and self-devotion; and as such, falling in, strangely and sweetly, with that of every-day Christian life.

"Since I left home, I have read the whole of 'Faust,' with a very accomplished friend. What an awful book it is! Its greatness I feel; not so much I think of beauty. Does it not prove morally that Goethe delights in things as they are? and how little lovely, or even great, is his idea of God! A mere Artificer on a grand scale! There is no true, no moral greatness."

"DURHAM,

"*January* 30.

"I have but just returned home, and am greeted by your letter, and the valuable, invaluable present of Monod; which will give me many and many a happy hour. Monod is to me, in a strange, peculiar manner, a spiritual friend; one who has spoken to me at times and seasons of my life with a real, living voice. Those sermons, especially '*Jésus tenté au desert*,' which I have never yet possessed, and often intended to buy; these, '*Marie Madeleine*,' and many, many others, are quite new to me, and will be a treasure to me."

"DURHAM,

"*February* 3*rd*.

"The book you will have received, is from Alan, written by a great friend of his; and A. wishes you to find some opportunity of reviewing it, or making it known. A. and I both think most highly of it; it takes such strong, high ground—the ground that Christians now must take and sedulously

keep—of the gifts and graces of the kingdom being real agencies and effectual powers. Nothing can be lower than the idea which ordinary, matter-of-fact Christians take of prayer, and the other supernatural aids which a believer has a right to claim. Prayer they consider something which tells on their own souls, but do not look upon it in De Maistre's view, as a dynamic force, working an exterior, objective work with God. I am writing drily; but it is because I have so little time, and must leave this great subject for the present; remembering Schiller's golden poem, which I must copy for you some time, that whoever would do anything really excellent, must bring the greatest power to bear upon the smallest point. This, as literary advice—also, I doubt not, as life advice—is *invaluable.* I am applying it at present to poetry. I let my mind gather itself up entirely there just for the present. I have, however, made many notes on what I call the *rationale* of prayer, which I shall be delighted to show you some time, for you must come over and see us in the spring or summer if you can. I also met lately with a wonderful little book of Nicole the Jansenist, on prayer, full of exquisite quotations from St. Bernard."

"DURHAM,

"*March* 30*th.*

"How very kind of you to take so much trouble about the Latin. I will take your advice in two

instances, and keep to the English headings; but I am truly obliged to you for the hint you give me about 'Carmina viâ Crucis.' I have just been telling your objection to Dr. Holden, a very elegant scholar here. He agrees in thinking the ablative quite inadmissible, and says he could find a better title, by leaving out the *viâ* altogether. But then I cannot part with that, as it is not with me merely the idea of 'Songs of the Cross,' but songs on or by *the way* of the Cross; roadside songs, with both joy and sorrow in them, as occurs to wayfarers to whatever bourne; with something in them, too, of the song of birds, and breath of wayside flowers. My fondness for Latin titles may seem somewhat fanciful; but it is connected with a peculiar hold, which Latin, for some inexplicable reason, always exerts upon my imagination. The sight of a sentence in the delectus or a chance quotation in a book, will fasten itself upon my mind, and grow into a form having no obvious connection, perhaps, with the words I saw."

"DURHAM,

"*August* 15*th*.

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am for your offer of sending me the 'Two Friends,' marked. It is no exaggeration to say, that such help is invaluable, as help of a simply intellectual kind. It is priceless to have light thrown along a difficult path by another, yet kindred mind; coming to it

fresh, and clear, and unperplexed. But even more than this, to me at least, is the reviving warmth, and access of power, which is given by the sense of sympathy. Who can endure the frost of sustained intellectual effort? The heart withers; and with it the intellect also.

"Your letter was to me a needed impulse. I have lately, indeed for a long time, been so strangely deficient in physical energy, that I shrink from any sustained mental effort, which is apt to bring on that *blank*, obliterated feeling (arising, I believe, from pressure and congestion), so that I have been willingly and consciously of late given up to a sort of dilettanteism, especially as regards music, which has been a continual solace; and poetry of a slighter kind. I see, however, before me, if I live, 'lofty enterprises' opening lately. Even my thoughts continually turn to a great poem, I mean a long one, wherein to concentrate that which is now diffused in scattered songs; an ambition to which, *even in thought*, I have not risen since, when young, I first began to write: a time when one has great and true ambitions without *any* adequate sense of what is required to fulfil them. Since then, I have never aimed or dreamed of anything more than the lyrical and subjective, knowing my own deficiency in objective force, formative power, and above all in imaginative strength; so that there is something very sweet to me even in the suggestion as a mere

'beautiful possibility' of being able to achieve something more built-up, complete, and comprehensive.

"I am delighted with the few words you give me about the wild glens of Ross-shire. They brought a thirst across my mind for that sort of scenery; being such a lover of what is free and solitary, and of whatever brings the sense of breadth and space. And yet I do not know that I am a real lover of Nature in her grander aspects.

"I have been so strangely taken lately with Leigh Hunt's letters. I used to love his writings when I was quite young, and I believe I like best what he liked best: a green lane to walk in, or a pleasant window looking out upon a sunny sloping field with trees. L. H., I think, must have loved an old-fashioned garden, with high walls and broad gravel walks, with espaliers and gooseberries, currants and vegetables, *set* within beds of flowers. He is the very soul and pith of pleasantness. Who but he could have spoken in spring of being 'gay and vernal and daffodilean'? There is a poem in that last word. I wonder if, when I grow old, and comfortable, and chatty, I have it in me to be anything of a Christian Leigh Hunt; or would the Christian element resist and decompose the Leigh Huntian?—I think not.

"I must not forget to tell you of a treasure trove I have had lately:—Bunyan's 'Holy War.' I was

introduced to it by Mr. Fairbairn, of Newhaven, a most interesting man of deeply poetical spirit; he is an ardent student and lover of Bunyan. The 'Holy War,' though far less varied and fascinating than the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' is a more perfect allegory, full of passages of *exquisite* symbolism and tenderness. As a piece of metaphysical writing, it seems to me wonderful, from its profound, thoroughly uncalvinistic recognition of the *native powers* of the soul,—my Lord Understanding, my Lord Will, and *Mr. Recorder Conscience*, as Emmanuel's true, natural, and reclaimable servants,—His natural friends as it were,—held by Diabolus in an alien bondage. Nothing can be more beautiful than the history of their return to Emmanuel, who acknowledges their value and ability in things 'terrene and domestic,' but in spiritual things puts them under the guidance of his father's Secretary (the Holy Spirit), under whom conscience becomes 'subordinate preacher.' It is the most useful book I ever met with to lecture on to poor *men*, or an intelligent class of boys. The girls and women I am at present interested in are too ignorant to follow anything that requires sustained attention, tending back to a fixed centre. A narrative like the 'Progress,' they might gain something from."

"DURHAM,
"*October 28th.*

"I have been *very* ill since I had your last letter,

—a violent gastric attack, with fever;—but I had felt so unwell for months upon months before, that to be ill obviously seemed a welcome relief. A feeling which I have had for the last year or two, and always worst in summer, had so increased upon me—that sense of drag and effort, and *strange reluctancy* and difficulty in answering all calls and claims, especially of a social kind—that I have longed day by day to find some little cave to run into and never to come out again! I think God, since I have been ill, has given me exactly this cave very comfortably fitted up; as I have let all things go. My jail-work even, which has only of late been a sort of *fancy-work* to me, through the extreme pleasantry and sympathy of the officials, I have given up entirely for the present—and feel so much more comfortable for having done so. And then you know a *professed* invalid has many social immunities, which I mean to take full advantage of for the time being; and I hope still to find—indeed feel sure of finding—many useful openings. At present I feel *intellectually* very energetic, partly owing I think to having a great sense of leisure and freedom. I am very busy just now with a paper for the *North British*, on a subject which will interest you greatly, 'Popular Religious Literature.' When I have done it, I intend to work a little more at the 'Two Friends,' and try to give it all the completeness I can.

"Have you seen Jean Ingelow's poems? They are exquisite as poetry; and some, especially 'Scholar and Carpenter,' and 'Honours,' weighted with thought. In 'Honours' she touches the vexed questions of the day, and meets them with what I have long accepted as the only sufficing answer: that we must *hold all truth*, but *hold the Cross also*; and never suffer ourselves to reason as if that proof of Divine sympathy had not been given.

CHAPTER VIII.

Letters to Professor Knight.

1864.

"DURHAM,
"*June* 10*th*.

"I HAVE met with a friend, a book that seems to take my whole rational nature along with it.* I have seen no such book now or at any former time; and it is a book I have often longed for, yet never hoped for: a book contemplating *life as it is* in a Christian spirit, yet from the natural standpoint. All religious books take, almost necessarily, one that is in some degree conventional, *accepted*. I have felt this, often painfully; and in my own writings perhaps have succeeded in being more true and sincere than most religious books are, *and have helped to get the Christian life a little more into the open air*. But yet there are doors in one's own mind one does not dare to open; and, above all, one needs

* "Life's Problems." Published by Bell and Daldy.

to be established in the faith of Christ, before one can venture far into the intricacies of natural life. One must be like St. Margaret, holding up the Cross in that dark jungle, full of evil beasts and unknown perils."

"DURHAM,
"*June 22nd.*

"I am so much obliged for the photograph; it is most valuable to me, though it does not quite give me the idea of Lacordaire; and it has something in it which is seldom absent from the face of the Romish ecclesiastic, and which I do not like —craft,—and a *bonhommie* which conceals *finesse.* Father Mathew has this, and Father Faber very strongly. I suppose, even to a good man, there is something in their life false and artificial, which tells in time upon the face. A want of freedom and outcome there must be, in men rigorously chained to a system."

"DURHAM,
"*August 27th.*

"I find a number of books connected with Lacordaire awaiting me; however, I must take all things quietly at present. First of all I must make my best of the 'Popular Religious Literature,'* and then leave the subject. I will write and tell you how I get on."

* An article inserted in the *North British Review*, for June, 1865, and afterwards re-published in a volume of Miss Greenwell's Essays.

"DURHAM,

"*September 14th.*

"Since I wrote last, I have been thinking much on that great subject of salvation through Christ; and how simple, and rational a thing it appears, when once the Holy Spirit has enlightened the heart to take it in. Until that great change takes place, it is, indeed, a stumbling block to reason—something that does not fit, nor work. Now, to be saved by what another has done—to be saved by the work of one above us, strong where we are weak, pure where we are corrupt, seems to me the only way in which a being like man *could be saved.* 'Neither is there salvation in any other.' When we look into our own nature, we find, little independent spiritual energy, many upward aspirations, but little native power to rise, (how great at all times is the disproportion between human will and power,) but we find an instinct of dependence upon a higher power. Descartes, I see, finds this instinct in the natural heart, and argues *from it* to a God. I never thought of it before as forming part of natural religion, but have long felt it to be the life breath of Christianity—*its hidden manna.* If I were to define man, it would be as a being *capable of being saved.* Sometimes, even in common life, one seems to need another life, and union,—or, at least, communion with it,—to raise and regenerate one's own, in times of mental and physical depression, especially when there is, or

seems, nothing in oneself to spring from; so little, that one does not even desire 'to be unto ourselves, anything as of ourselves.' I saw lately, in an American novel, an account of a very clever negro, who had grown up to middle life as a slave might do, tricky, thoughtless, and in his way Voltairian in principle and belief; who met and was recognised by his poor old slave-mother, from whom he had been sold in infancy. She was then dying, and overwhelmed him with love and caresses, and all the pent-up riches of a mother's heart, awakening in his heart a sealed spring of affection, bringing him into a new world of belief and love. Heaven, I think, to many disconsolate hearts must be simply the *awakening into love.*

"DURHAM,

"*December* 13*th.*

"Since I last wrote to you, I have met with two very interesting papers on the Atonement, falling in, as regards view, with that long letter I sent you. One is in the *Union*, short, but very satisfying to the mind and heart; the other in some sermons by a Mr. Farrar. I should like you to read these. Mr. F. considers the modern view,—according to which, he says, Christ's death only removes a barrier *on man's side*, towards God,—as wholly inadequate, and contradicted by the deep-seated instinct of guilt and alienation from God, which belongs to the natural heart. This must have a cause. The in-

stinct of one beloved by God, and near to Him, would be to love God; also Christ need not have died to show us God's good-will. One smile from the Great Father; one clear revelation of His presence and favour would be enough for that; enough to draw us to His bosom for ever, were there not an opposing force, mightier than any raised by man.

"Mr. Farrar speaks of St. Thomas Aquinas as having greatly advanced and deepened the Church's view of the Atonement; carrying it beyond the *ransom* of the early fathers and the judicial satisfaction of St. Anselm, both of which it surely includes. He does not in this sermon say into what. Can you tell me, some time? The sacrifice of the death of Christ seems becoming now more than ever the Rock of those who accept it, and to others a stone of stumbling; and this last, not only to the cultivated. I find many ordinary professing Christians staggered by the real difficulties of the subject; difficulties which, like those belonging to its great correlative problem,—the existence of evil,—*no reasoning can remove.* The Holy Spirit must lead us to the Cross, *and leave us there,* to wait 'till the day dawn.'"

"DURHAM,

"*November* 11*th.*

"Tell me your opinion of this. A friend of mine considers it good, but scarcely suited to the poor.

A SINNER AND HIS SAVIOUR.

Oh, who are these too long apart,
When once they've found each other's heart
Would never from the other part?
A sinner and his Saviour.

A sinner I, but who art Thou
With many thorns upon Thy brow?
I see the thorn among them, now
I know Thee for my Saviour.

Long, long I tracked Thy steps, I heard
Thy voice in many a gracious word;
I listened till my heart was stirred
To seek Thee for my Saviour.

I sought Thee, weeping, high and low,
I found Thee not; I did not know
I was a sinner, even so
I missed Thee for my Saviour.

I saw Thee sweetly condescend
Of humble men to be the friend;
I chose Thee for my way, my end,
But found not yet my Saviour.

Until upon the Cross I saw
My God, who died to meet the law
That man had broken; then I saw
My sin, and then my Saviour.

What seek I longer? let me be
A sinner all my days to Thee,
Yet more and more, and Thou to me
Yet more and more my Saviour.

A sinner all my earthly days,
A sinner who believes and prays,
A sinner all his evil ways
Who leaves for his dear Saviour.

Who leaves his evil ways, yet leaves
Not Him to Whom his spirit cleaves
More close, that he so often grieves,
The soul of his dear Saviour.

Be Thou to me my Lord, my Guide,
My Friend, yea, everything beside ;
But first, last, best, whate'er betide,
Be Thou to me my Saviour.

"DURHAM,

"*December 26th.*

"Oh ! that that which is even now the light, may become more and more the life ! What a wide step there is between these two ! And yet light is good. I have thought lately that our view of a suffering, redeeming Saviour, one who takes away sin, is incomplete, without that of Christ as a Restorer. We still want the Messiah, the Bringer-in of everlasting righteousness.

"Often I wish that I were, from philosophic insight and training, more fitted to write on man's true moral nature, and to paint Christ as the Restorer of all that the world withers. I sometimes picture Him as appearing to the soul, after death, with some flower, that one had loved as a child, in His hand, and His voice and smile that of some dear, beloved friend."

CHAPTER IX.

Letters to Professor Knight.

1865.

"*January 25th.*

"I WANT to tell you of some thoughts I have drawn from an old book of Nicole's on prayer, which has cleared up a point on which I have always felt a difficulty, more especially of later times, when I have felt more and more the deep need of aquiescence in the will of God, as shown in the events of outward life. And this is a far more intimate way than that conventional acceptance—'Whatever is, is right'—which only gives you the *shadow* of acquiescence, sometimes a very faint one, wholly inadequate to fill the place of the real good you have lost, or have failed to find. Nicole's book, which is full of wisdom, appears to be written against that indifferentism, or as its advocates call it, disinterestedness, which desires nothing, no present progress, not even eternal bliss, but only God's will and order. But then, says Nicole, we must look to God's *eternal, primæval order*,—that which God made

and meant man for, righteousness, perfection, and bliss,—an order which things as they happen now continually contradict and *apparently* defeat God; and, as we see in the case of sin, *permits* that which He hates, so that it is not, as Newman says, to the mere connection of events and circumstances that we must look for the expression of God's will, but rather to what we know of His nature, as he has Himself revealed it to us in the Person and Mind of His Son, *and in the moral nature of man, made in His Image.* Practically, perhaps, as regards the great fundamental duty of implicit submission, the *rationale* does not much matter; if I lose my eyesight through some untoward accident the will of God is (as concerns me) that I should take it patiently, whether I think this came upon me through direct Divine appointment or not; only I think it is well that we should know what is the good and perfect will, or in other words, law of God; that we may avoid the rash, vague commonplaces that are so common on this great subject. Only yesterday I heard a most charming lady telling a little girl who sat upon her knee, how her pony-carriage had lately run over a little boy, and how her horse rearing suddenly, had actually cleared the child without hurting him. The little girl listened with riveted attention. Then said the lady, '*Who* was it *made* the horse rear up just at that moment?' 'Who is it that always takes care of children, of

good children?' 'Who puts them under the care of His pretty bright angels?' etc. I do not doubt but this, joined with the affectionate, reverent looks and tones of the speaker, made a good impression on a childish mind; but what could be more *false?* What if the horse had *not* reared? Was the child a wicked child, or God an unmindful God? What of children like Jeanie Cameron? and where are their angels, heavenly or human? Surely there is a sense of God's overruling Providence far deeper than this, which looks behind events to principles; which trains the mind not to abject submission to a power which cannot be resisted, but to the free, loving resignation which a spiritual being renders to a Spirit, with whom love and obedience, *and an imparted affinity* have surely, though not yet perfectly, united Him. Madame Swetchine is great on this subject,—resignation. As an Eastern, her mind seems naturally to fall back upon the great decrees, the 'What I have written, I have written' of God; but she always feels that God, as a Spirit, seeks a free, rational allegiance, saying in words of singular boldness and nobility—'God, in giving man the freedom of the will, gave him so great a gift, that, for its sake, He did not shrink to put a sort of limit both on His own glory and the happiness of the creature!' Do you remember those beautiful lines of R. Browning's, where he says that they who believe that might can exist in God's case without

either will or love, make Him a less admirable being than man, who *can* will, if feebly, and love, if imperfectly?"

"*February 4th.*

"I am quite decided not to undertake Lacordaire for the Press. In some respects I feel I could have written what might have been very interesting and perhaps useful, in bringing out the characteristic difference between the two great lines in which Christian belief and feeling run. But then I have been met by a difficulty, which is, that Lacordaire, with Madame Swetchine, and I suppose all the party they belonged to, were not merely Catholics, but devoted *Papists*, looking to Rome as the great central unity, the living, infallible, *necessary* voice of Christ, animating the one Church to which His great promises of protection and of indwelling are confined. This seems to make the work unprofitable to me. I feel as if Catholicism might be disentangled from Popery, and that it probably, in the Providence of God, will yet be so to some effectual degree in great countries, like France and Italy; and that this will be the work of powerful, sincere, and *trained* thinkers, whom the truth has made free. In the meantime, it seems to me, in England, not a very pressing question; and that all which we, as Christian thinkers, *can* be towards Rome at present, is to be true and fair to what in her system brings out such a wondrous result of excellence,

without *on that account* shutting our eyes to all that is hateful and perverse in it. Roman Catholic writers, even those of the highest order, seem absolutely *sold* to the system as such, defending, extenuating, or, if nothing else can be done, ignoring all that must most offend every good, natural instinct of humanity, to say nothing of a higher teaching. With the honourable and sole exception of Montalembert, I have never met with a single expression in any of their writings, condemning, or even regretting, any one of those monstrous acts of which the Vandois Pastor Muston says so fitly, 'the voice of history is the condemnation of Rome'; so that even people like Lacordaire and Madame Swetchine seem in some degree to make themselves guilty of the deed of their forefathers. In a religious R. C. Review I was reading just now, I see the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes spoken of as an act 'opposed to modern ideas of polity, but *viewed in an abstract light*, showing a desire for unity worthy of a Catholic monarch'! Sin, wrong, and misery, however, as somebody says, are apt to appear in the concrete. No doubt it is possible to get an abstract view of an *auto da fè*, and a razzia; only it seems a difficult point for a living and thoughtful spirit to arrive at now. Yet Lacordaire writes a laudatory life of St. Dominic, of whom I know little, except what relates to his crusades in Provençe, but of whom I believe the best that can truly be said, is,

that he was a harsh fanatic, with a savage thirst for personal martyrdom, and even courting it in the fire and sword he was so ready to send through the land. But this, so far from being admirable, seems only another phase of a diseased and cruel imagination. To be a Roman Catholic, a *Papist*, is to abnegate all power of moral discrimination. You are committed to something which moves altogether, like Wordsworth's cloud, if it moves at all; and you must move with it, and be ready, as in their much vaunted instance of Fenelon's humility, to disavow the cherished sentiments of years at the very moment when the voice of authority bids you do so. All that is arbitrary, untruthful, and persecuting in Roman Catholicism, seems to me to belong to what is Roman in it. It grows out of the Pope, and his assumed infallibility, which binds the (possibly) wickedest deeds of the wickedest man upon the conscience of the Church for ever, and makes goodness, and mercy, and truth, to depend upon a mere dictum. How noble is the dying saying of Pascal with regard to his book against the Jesuits—'If they condemn it at Rome, I know, nevertheless, that what I have condemned in it is already condemned in Heaven.' But how contrary to ultra-Romanism is such a saying? I think much, too, that under another count is darkest in the history of the Church,—its trafficking with the kings of the earth, and fearful condoning of crime, for zeal and allegi-

ance to so-called sacred interests,—emanated directly from the Papacy; all that earthly, subtle, yes, even devilish machinery, weaving a deadly fibre over the heart and conscience, which could allow a man like Richelieu, whose life had crushed out every other life around him through force or fraud, to die with his eyes fixed on the crucifix, saying, 'I am happy, for I have never swerved from the interests of the Holy Church.' There is nothing in Catholicism, as such, I mean in its doctrines, to create moral perversion, and nothing in it that I can even see that necessarily connects it with the Papacy. Looking at the question historically, I can never see where or when the Pope comes in; after a time you find him there, and can trace how the thing grew, but I never can see that the highest High Church view of the constitution of the Christian Church as left by the Apostles, with its ordinary government by Bishops, and extraordinary appeal to councils, have any room for one dominant head. And are not the other, even elder Churches, even the most obscure Eastern one that is *still there*, an everlasting witness against Rome's claim to be *the* Church?

"Most of the extracts which I am making from Lacordaire bear upon a subject which I feel sure is very interesting to us both; and I shall be glad at any time to send them to you—I mean the essential differences between Catholic and Protestant thought and devotion. Some years ago, when I was first

struck with the glow and fervour of a life for instance like that of Madame de Chantals, I used to think that at a certain level all Christians were alike; I mean I thought they became alike in becoming more one with Christ. This, of course, is true to a certain degree; but still the fruit of holiness in Catholicism is different to that of Protestantism; because the grand, radical ideas which each spring from are not the same; in fact, they vary so greatly, that to become familiar with Catholic thought is to become aware that there is no possibility of any union between these two. The more I contemplate this difference, the more I seem to admire, and, in some faint degree, to enter into what is beautiful in each; *with the head*, I mean, for with the heart I am altogether Protestant. However much, either in reading or discussion, I may appreciate the value of some great Catholic idea,—like one of these I am going to unfold,—when I kneel down to pray I am a Protestant; with Christ only between me and God, and between me and Christ *faith*—individual faith, the faith which God has given me. This seems a slender hold upon the Divine, compared with the lofty arch of supernaturalism Catholicism builds for the human spirit from time into eternity; a bridge 'crossed by feet of countless worshippers,' and thronged with every form of spiritual life; but it is a *real* link; the other would be but ideal. I can but receive it from without. I feel that whichever be the

more excellent, each way is scriptural, and each evidently blessed by God, and doubtless foreseen and planned by His Spirit, because each testifies of Christ. I do not see *any* evangelic verity which either misses, different as their manner is. The Ark of God is within each : in one enshrined in an ancient and many-chambered Temple, in the other within curtains ; yet in each is light, and in each perfection.

"I do not feel quite equal to entering into all the points in which this difference comes out ; but shall try to do so a little in the extracts, especially in regard to their great principle of *solidarity* ; which, even when you see it as I do through a glass darkly, goes far to transfigure both social and spiritual life. It is not very easy, esoterically, even to understand the word, which appears to mean *the accountability of each for all* ; and if you get, as I have done, the least glimmering of the thing, what a door is opened to prayer,—to effort. As a moral fact, I have long been convinced of our social interdependency, and have tried to express it in some of my books ; but they,—the R. C.'s,—give it a firm theological basis, by representing *Humanity as one*, and, *as such*, *saved* by Christ in redemption ; *saved as one*, unless Christ is lost to the individual by wilful rejection. Whatever is done or suffered by one of His living members tells upon all ; and here comes in another grand principle, entirely foreign to us, that of *expiation*, or the filling up of Christ's sufferings by His members.

Expiation, it must be remembered, is merely ancillary to Redemption—Christ's work which gives it all its value. But yet suffering with them always works an expiating end, wins something, or at least bears something away from another. Oh! how different is this to the shallower view which can only see discipline in pain and loss; an end which reason tells us is not always answered. But the Catholic view gives a value to *all* suffering, even that which is most dumb and obscure; draws the heart even to rejoice in it. These ideas belong to other ideas, above all to that of the Church, and the presence of Christ within it. All is linked and interdependent. We, as Protestants, often feel after and find them. Every true believer practically feels that 'he can neither live, nor die unto himself'; yet Catholicity gives you them more tangibly."

"*March 9th.*

"It is a great effort to me now to write on any subject which requires sustained thought; so that the more my heart fastens on one like this, which goes below, above, and beyond all others, the more my mind seems to retire from it; and for this very reason I feel anxious to write a few words about it. Even as if they were strong, dying words; the last I had to say; more what I feel, than what I think; for with regard to the sacrifice of our Lord's death, I agree in these words of Robert Hall's, which I have long intended to copy for you:—'The revelation contained

in the Scriptures extends only to *facts*, not to the theory of those facts, or their original causes. The most important truths are communicated to us in a dogmatic, not a theoretic manner. We are taught on the testimony of Him that cannot lie, *insulated facts which we cannot connect with those reasons with which they are undoubtedly connected in the Divine mind.* They rest solely on the basis of Divine authority, and we are left as much in the dark with respect to the mode of their existence as if they were not revealed.' For myself, when I only *saw* this great truth,—and I think I told you I always saw it,—I saw it in this way; and now that I *feel* it as the great central truth of life into which all other truths run, I feel it in no other. The sacrifice of Christ's death appears to me, always and in whatever light I view it, simply *as that by which God saves us.* Sometimes one is drawn to contemplate it under a grand outreaching aspect, as it appears in Ephesians and Colossians as the spoiling of 'principalities and powers'—'that whereby God shall reconcile *all things* to Himself.' At other times it appears in a simple personal light, connecting itself as in the fifth and sixth chapters of Romans, with pardon for individual sin'—'Christ Who loved and gave Himself *for me.*' Still under whatever changes,—and supposing the cross to send forth as many diverse rays of light as a diamond does,—its own nature remains inscrutable; it is still that through which God saves

man; a transaction, of which man is the object, but in which man, as an agent, is in no imaginable way concerned. It is a deed performed in a region of which either through sense or intellect, or any channel through which thought can be received, *he knows absolutely nothing*; he understands it no more than a child can understand any intricate legal transaction through which immense benefits may have been secured to him. Neither do I see why we need be so anxious to discover an ethical bearing in the Atonement. If we understood it fully, it cannot be doubted that it would be seen to possess a true fitness with the moral nature of man and of God; to be in fact, as one can sometimes see through a glass darkly, *the highest expression of what each nature, united as they are in Christ, is capable.* It is self-evident, indeed, that the whole plan of God must be self-consistent, if we were capable of seeing it as a whole; but this we are not able to do; and the attempt to force fitness, where the sense of it does not naturally arise, brings only mental strain and anguish. Seeing things as we now do in part, I do not see any moral relation between the death of Christ, and the doing away of sin and the punishment of it. The Gospel tells us that without shedding of blood there is no remission, and the experience of every pardoned soul confirms this statement; *proves* it, as a child can often prove his sum, and make its total come right, by working a

rule which his teacher has communicated, but not explained to him. The sacrifice of Christ's death is God's way,—a way which He does not explain so as to meet man's sense of moral fitness; nor do I see why it should be expected or wished that God had done so, seeing how abundantly God has met and satisfied all that part of man's nature, in the person and teaching of Christ, in the manifestation of the Divine through Him. The Atonement belongs to another region; there is in it something into which, it appears, even the angels desire in vain to look. No doubt it, like every work of God, conforms to law; no doubt vicarious satisfaction, opposed as it is to man's idea of justice, is, *par excellence, the* law of Christ's kingdom; the grand counter-agency to that work of Satan, through which man, without his own fault, comes into the world a being spoiled and fettered, *needing a work done for him.* I often think of that text, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil *the law of Christ*,' and see in it a power which goes far deeper than its obvious moral teaching; though even from that we can learn much of the secret that redeems the universe. I do not see (I think I said before) that sacrifice forms any part of love's essential nature; and yet, when the object of love is a guilty, oppressed, and suffering being like man, a sacred thirst for sacrifice through love arises naturally within the mind;—to suffer *with* the suffering, to suffer *for*

them, supposing this to be practicable. To suffer with and for the guilty is only another form of the same deep desire,—that desire which, like the Cross to which it belongs, goes below all things, 'deeper than deepest pain.'"

"*May 24th.*

"I have been thinking much of late on the subject of union—true loving union—with God through Christ; the implicit, abiding sense of His great Fatherhood; but do not feel equal to writing upon it. I wish we could talk upon this together; it seems to me that everything in Christianity, even the blessed Cross itself, stops too short, if we stop short at it, and do not let it lead us back to the Father,—that *righteous Father*, Whom our Lord declared that He alone knew, and would reveal to a world that knows Him not. It often seems to me that Christianity has still a great advance to make in this direction; when we consider the deep unrighteousness, such as slavery in its various forms, still tolerated in many Christian countries, also in almost all forms of political and commercial thought; what a denial there is of the great primitive principles of justice and morality. Even in England, truly and wonderfully advanced, warmed, and enlightened as it has been of late years, what roots of selfishness and greed exist in all societies, because they exist in the human heart. Did you read that fearful, almost incredible account of the death, say the murder from

neglect, of a pauper in one of the principal London workhouses? Then what a lamentable state of things is revealed by the commission to inquire into the dwellings of labourers in the south. I could not have believed in such cruel carelessness on the part of our landowners and gentry; and it justifies what Kingsley says in 'Yeast,' and in his poem of 'The Bad Squire,'—to me always an anomalous title;—the word 'Squire' has such a kindly and fatherly sound, connected with the sweetest life that can be led in this world. Have you seen also some accounts, going the round of the papers, of children in the Eastern Fen Counties, working in the fields in gangs, driven by a ganger, and sleeping away from home? It would be foolish to suppose there is anything *legally* compulsory in this, or to compare it, as the papers do, with negro slavery; but, as it is, it is sufficiently cruel and demoralizing; and the poor man, even when legally free, is oppressed because of his poverty, which can drive to as hard tasks as any overseer. I often wish the Church would preach up the great relative duties of life; and, to do this, one need not set one class against the other, or keep exclusively to public life. Justice is no doubt a natural virtue, one at least which the natural man can recognize, but which assuredly he does not naturally practise; its action is so warped and turned aside by selfishness, which invades the most tender, sacred relations."

CHAPTER X.

Letters to Professor Knight.

1866.

"*April 5th.*

"IN comparing Christianity with any scheme of philosophy, ancient or modern, one distinction always comes out strongly,—its superior leverage. It always seems inexplicable how a mere set of rules, like those of stoicism or epicureanism, could ever really influence any thinking, feeling human being. I suppose whatever power they possessed was in great part owing to the poverty of the old State religion; a mere *cultus*, with absolutely nothing in it to attract a noble spirit, or soothe a world-wearied one. For, supposing that by any life theory like these, you succeed either in eliminating pain and anxiety from life, or in inuring yourself to endure them with indifference, what have you brought life to, but to the state above all others

wretched and distasteful to human nature, a dead level of flatness and monotony, without spring or momentum of any kind?

"We *live* by expectation, hope, fear, joy. The life of a small shopkeeper, absorbed in his little gains, and the anxieties of his trade and family, may be a life below what human feeling and intellect may fairly aspire to, but it is a life far more consonant with what human nature is, and needs, than the life of the so-called sage.

"Mill, in his paper on Auguste Comte, defines religion 'to be a creed or conviction claiming authority over the whole of life; a belief or set of beliefs, deliberately adopted respecting human destiny and duty to which the believer inwardly acknowledges that all his actions should be subordinate.' But these words describe a life theory; such an one, say, as stoicism or utilitarianism; something to live and work to, a principle of adaptation; 'the art,' which Wordsworth so wisely says, 'life requires; mental and moral diet and *regimen*.' I, for instance, may be and am entirely persuaded that a certain course of action, including temperance, industry, courtesy, honesty, *answers* best,—and may frame my life accordingly; but this is not a religion, nor does it include a condition which Mill, in the same paper, says a religion requires:—'There must be a sentiment connected with this creed, or capable of being invoked by it, sufficiently powerful to give it

in fact, the authority over human conduct, which it claims in theory.'

"This sentiment must have an object (a fact which Comte seems in his strange system of worship, founded on a mere sentiment, to have forgotten); all sentiment derives its influence from an exterior object; it has something which affects it either with delight or reverence. Even a half insane, unreal feeling,—a fanaticism, be it religious, or of the affections,—*makes* to itself an object; and is strong in exact proportion to its own realizing power. Now it is just here that religion,—all religion, true or false,—is strong, and all philosophy weak, in the presence of a motive power, in the presentation of an object capable of engaging affection, of inspiring terror, of compelling the reluctant will. Let us suppose, for argument, that the principles laid down by Mill in his utilitarianism are true, and that it is best, in all social and political arrangements, to work towards the collective good in preference to individual; when will you get short-sighted, narrow-hearted people, such as make up the mass of human beings, to *see* this? or if they can be brought to see it, will they act up to it consistently, when present interest and convenience woos them to take the nearest course to gain? Through what hard battles have the most obvious improvements fought their way to general acceptance, when they have come across any class monopoly or privilege.

Few West India proprietors, I should think, rejoiced in Free Trade; or hand-loom weavers in the spinning jennies which ruined them; and I have no doubt farmers and country gentlemen in the beginning of this century positively exulted in the war prices for corn.

"Any religion, even a false and corrupt one, brings leverage with it of the most powerful kind. And in saying this, I seem to touch a mighty chord, even the strength and weakness of Christianity itself. I think in your considerations on this great subject you should, as I said, try to avoid special pleading; and I think the very strength of the motives which Christianity brings to bear upon the human mind, the absolute claim it makes upon the whole of life, the tremendous possibilities of bliss and pain it opens up, it being in short, what Shelley calls it, the 'most awful of all religions,' is the cause to which we may trace much of which its adversaries have had reason to reproach it with. There is no doubt a timidity and rigidity in Christian thought as such. A Christian is too deeply pledged to a foregone conclusion to be bold and fearless in tracking out ultimate truth. He shrinks—*he cannot but shrink*—from issues that are, or seem, at variance with all that is most dear and sacred to him. We know the way in which old-fashioned people hold themselves bound to admire the character of Jacob, and to justify the deed of Jael, just because they are in the

Bible; though they would blame such acts and dispositions in real life. And this timid way of looking at things, however it is shown, is founded on a deep truth, a *sense of the organic unity of revelation.* Who would dare to meddle with one stone of such a mighty fabric, lest it should fall on him and crush him to powder? Colenso, I do not doubt, is a greater lover of truth, and probably of God also, than hundreds of those who have opposed and reviled him; and yet one thinks he must have heard the shriek of the mandrake, the universal groan which goes through the whole, when any fibre, even the slenderest, is wounded! This, no doubt, is the apology for the fearful history of religious persecution under the Church of Rome; believing it to be salvation, and dereliction from its authority, eternal loss; the fire and sword become mercy. I know not, however, if this excuse has not been urged too far in favour of the bloody deeds of our forefathers; in which I have no doubt many of the worst human passions also mingled largely—party spirit, and the desire, ineradicable from human nature, to *force* others to what seems right and good to us. But with whatever deductions, we must trace much to the principle I speak of; and to this, too, we must trace the fact that toleration sprang up *outside* the Church. Voltaire was its advocate, when for two hundred and fifty years, between the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the Revolution, no

voice, among all the true saints and righteous men in France, had been raised against the shameful, incredible oppressions of the Protestants. Toleration seemed to form no part of the Christian mind. Even the joy of a simple and good man, like Bunyan, in getting free from his twelve years' imprisonment, seems to have been cruelly damped by his owing his return to a Papist king, and to a Quaker advocate. I think the great reason of this want of elasticity and fairness in the religious mind is owing to its not being sufficiently ready to admit, (in the spirit of the extract I sent you from Robert Hall,) that Christianity does not profess to answer all questions, or to remove all difficulties; being itself, if one may say so reverently, the greatest of difficulties; a fact, as I have tried to say somewhere, out of harmony with the facts by which it is surrounded. A Christian is not bound to make all things in earth and heaven square and fit. 'The revelation contained in the Scriptures extends only to facts, *not to the theory of those facts, or their original causes.* The most important truths are communicated, not in a theoretic manner. We are taught, on the testimony of Him Who cannot lie, *insulated facts*, which *we cannot connect with those reasons with which they are undoubtedly connected in the Divine mind.* They rest solely on the basis of Divine authority, and we are left as much in the dark with respect to the mode of their existence as if they were not revealed.' (R. Hall's

sermon on 'The glory of God in concealing.') Then, to turn to the other side, the motive strength of Christianity; how great this is, compared with the barrenness of philosophy, or with the weakness of false religions, which seem to bring nothing into the heart and mind to strengthen or to ennoble—only to crowd up the dread, confessed blank between the creature and the invisible power it feels dependent on, by a series of rites and observances, founded almost entirely on fear and deprecation.

If we set the forces of Christianity in array, we shall find that it alone professes to show us plainly of the Father, to guide us back to that natural religion which Nature has missed, or ceased to retain; in making known to us a Being full of benignity as well as of power, in 'whose favour is life.'

"In giving us an object for warm personal affection in the Son, beloved of His Father and of His brethren, and thus calling forth all the energy, the desire to please, *to serve*, to recommend oneself, which belongs to love. Love for the Son is love in the concrete form; love for a kindred nature; a reciprocating being, however highly exalted over our own, a Being whom it is possible to love, differing from us, it is true, but only in being so much more love-worthy.

"This 'personal love to Christ' is, I think, pushed to an undue degree in the present day; to

the verge of sentimentality; made to bear up heavily the whole of religion, when after all it can only *tell* upon the hearts to whom the promise in St. John has been fulfilled, (in the answer to Judas,) and many sincere Christians have not received that manifestation. Still, love, or *the hope of love*, is a strong, a real incentive; and so is gratitude for that love shown in Christ's redeeming work;—His great deliverance, than which greater love hath no man showed.

"Then I should place very highly the desire for inward purity and moral perfection; a feeling innate in man, and a desire which Christianity so abundantly incites and meets. On one side, as regards the longing to be free from sin, it gives repentance, and boundless expiation, utterly making an end of sin; and on the other bringing in everlasting righteousness; giving the promise and earnest of a new nature, wholly pure and clean; a new life, with new and blissful objects and affections; a new world, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Desire for communion with the Divine, spiritual acquaintance and fellowship with God, all in which the especial work of the Third Person in the Blessed Trinity is concerned.

"Then, as another spring giving life, I would mention the great, continual principle of duty; a delight in carrying out the behests of a just and holy God, an unfailing humble energy, connected, as it is

in Scripture, with the recognition and reward of God Himself. How much to blame Christians are, in not magnifying this great principle of guerdon and recompense, continually insisted upon by the sacred writers, with the hope and confidence it brings, and which our blessed Saviour Himself had respect to,—'the recompense of the reward.' Reward is the most cheering, soul-animating, of all things; the heart craves it, whether in earthly or spiritual things, a vintage, a harvest, *a labour working to an end.* Nothing makes me more angry than the so-called 'disinterested theory.' 'Thou,' says St. Bernard, 'the Rewarder, art my reward, neither will I desire any other.' True, an exceeding great *reward.*"

"*April 9th.*

"I think a noticeable feature in Christianity is that it gives room for two tendencies, ever conflicting in human thought, and both of which are clearly essential to the true social idea. The collective principle,—Church or Catholic,—which has been urged so strongly by modern poets and thinkers, witness Lamartine, Lammenais, and Mazzini, that they have gone far to place, as a French writer says, 'all morality, all social prosperity, even genius itself, in the annihilation of the individual in the progress of the race; in other words, they made individualism the centre of the evil principle, source of all ill. When it is evident

that individualism, (witness J. S. Mill's powerful proclamation), is the true salt of the earth, alone able to lead, to revive, to awaken. *A man serves society best by making the best of himself.* Thoreau says, speaking of professed philanthropists, '*I want the flower and fruit of a man;* I desire that some fragrance be wafted over from him to me, and that some ripeness should flavour our intercourse.' He asks for an unconscious bounty, the outflowing of what a man is, costing nothing and beyond all cost; and he says elsewhere—'Doing good is one of the professions that is full. Probably *I* should not deliberately and consciously forsake my particular calling to do the good which society demands of me, to save the universe from annihilation.'

"Many persons, it is evident, and Thoreau amongst them, will never be of any value whatever, except by just being what they were made to be, and doing the work they were born to do. They cannot be ground in the social mill, or grind in it, except like Samson, with fettered and defiant strength.

"'The care of Christianity,' says Bishop Warburton, 'is for particulars.' In philosophy, compared with it, there is always something hard and oblivious, a disposition to sacrifice, in theory, the parts to the good of the whole. 'Let the individual wither, and the race be more and more.'

"But when all is said and done, every man feels,

in the very depth and ground of his nature, that he is something in the scale of existence to at least two beings, himself and God. No one really believes in Carlyle's parading disclaimer:—'And what after all is *thy* happiness? who toldest thee thou hadst a right to be happy?' A sacred, an inalienable right, if not to happiness,—as that in the present order must be in some degree accidental and depending on circumstance,—but to love, to care, and to protection from God. Where is this claim so abundantly justified as in the records of the early Church? The Old Testament on this account is even more deeply, personally comforting than the New in times of great danger or of sharp affliction. God's hand and eye are so sensibly felt there, His goodness and severity shown in the guidance, chastening, and deliverance of individuals. Not only in His care of kings and prophets, and evidently *selected* persons, like Jacob, Hezekiah, Jonah, and David, but in His pity for poor, forsaken, disconsolate women, grieved in soul and harassed by unkindness, like Hagar, Leah, Hannah. 'Lo, this poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.' 'Behold, the eye of the Lord is on them that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy, *to deliver their souls from death, and to keep them alive in time of dearth.*' It is this sense of what Herder calls 'the insight, foresight, and oversight of God,' that has made the

book of Psalms the covenant poetry of the human race. They are founded upon a sense of friendship, and an established personal relation with God; a familiar and friendly confidence upon which Herder considers man's first religious ideas to have been founded (?), and to which God Himself invited man."

"*July 9th.*

"I have been thinking a good deal more about 'Ecce Homo,' in connection with an article on it in this month's *Fraser*, which seems to me of extraordinary merit, though I scarcely think it is written from the standpoint of belief. It brings out the weakness of the argument upon which 'Ecce Homo,' and, we may add, rationalistic writings in general, rest, in their utter want of sanctions, arising from their keeping the fact of retributive punishment out of sight. They reduce Christianity to a 'pray do,' like the good dean in Coventry Patmore who keeps maundering on—

> With 'love each other,' like St. John,
> But never will exactly say,
> What happens if we don't obey;
> Which seems to leave the advantage quite
> With him who puts us in a fright.

Christ, in such teaching, is a mere reformer or adviser, a bringer in of new ideas—not a legislator. Law, *in its very nature*, requires the background of threat and promise, as the consequence to which its fulfilment or breach leads. What sense, otherwise,

is there, even in imposing a command on a child, in saying,—Thou shalt or thou shalt not? Do we not instinctively add to 'do not touch that,' either 'you will make me angry,' or 'you will hurt yourself'? Now Christianity, as set forth by our Lord Himself, is supported by sanctions so strong, that the mind can scarcely dare to carry them out to their full extent. It sets forth the most blissful rewards, the direst penalties.

"Then as to this vaunted enthusiasm of humanity; enthusiasm of any kind is neither a guide to conduct, nor a guard; the enthusiasm of humanity least of all; witness,—as the writer of the article points out,—characters like Rousseau and Robespierre. Each of them possessed it in a quite extraordinary degree; besides, supposing it really were, —as the writer of 'Ecce Homo' makes it,—everything, *how are we to get at it?* Sensibility to what others feel, and the power of sustained moral and benevolent effort, is an accident of character and temperament which Christianity seizes upon, as in such as Vincent de Paul, Mrs. Fry, San Carlo Borromeo, and countless elect spirits, but by no means *creates* in all its sincere adherents. Nor can I look upon the creation of such a tendency as its primary object, when the blessed Apostles, its grand exponents, rather lead us to contemplate its centre and field of operation, as *lying between God and man*, a work of reconciliation and restitution, at

which spiritual intelligences wonder, and which man himself sees as yet darkly.

Then, 'Ecce Homo,' like all rationalistic books, lays undoubtedly an undue stress upon *personal* devotion to Christ; it misses seeing Him as God, and thus misses the breadth and grandeur that belongs to worship of an infinite being. It opens the door, without knowing it, both to fanaticism and the sectarian spirit, which would disapprove of, or disallow, the most innocent recreation, the most ennobling pursuit, because we cannot prove that our Saviour ever entered into it; a mode of thinking which shuts up holiness within the narrow limits of the few years our Lord passed, under very limited circumstances, on earth; and excludes its mighty, all elevating task, the raising of our whole nature, the taking of the manhood into God. Did our blessed Lord in His human capacity care for music or poetry? probably not; or enter into questions of political economy, or social well-being? As a man, He appears to have left much on one side, keeping simply to the work which His Father had given Him to do; but, as God, we know that from everlasting to everlasting He recognizes, takes note of, loves, cares for all that is lovely, excellent, and useful. How bare and limited is that bare imitation of Christ's *outward* life, which would leave on one side the soul-enlarging triumphs of thought and imagination, the long patience, the labour working to an end, of

science blessing and transfiguring the earth. When we look at Christ as 'very God of very God,' we find Him as the life within the life, revealing Himself in many ways. But in 'Ecco Homo,' and, as far as I can judge from its mere outline, in the Bishop of Argyll's new book, all is laid upon personal devotion to Christ as a leader; a gaze, in which the soul may stare itself blind, is to be fixed on Him; and the whole organic structure which knits us to Him is missed. If Christ is *our life*, it must be in some other way than 'through the simple following of Him'; words which might be used of Plato or Socrates, or any one who has left the world; a system of morals and an example of life. Nor does the definition of Christianity by the Bishop, as 'the communication of a Divine life through the manifestation of a Divine life,' appear satisfactory. To show a thing, even under its most perfect form, is not to communicate it. You may show me your beauty, your strength, your riches, your learning for ever; and I, unless through some process of infusion or assimilation to that which I behold, remain no fairer, wiser, richer, stronger than the sight found me at first. What is fairer than a rose? what is stronger than a lion? Yet, who will grow fairer or stronger from gazing at their excellence? In the teaching of these books we miss the organizing bond, the link of structural union. We miss the conception of the Church, which Christ loved and

gave Himself for; *His body*, in which He lives, as a human soul within a human body, and through which He gives life.

"The true idea of the Church, as set forth in Cor. i. 12, as implied in the whole apostolic writings, with its 'Lo, I am with you always,' is the everlasting safeguard against the thin externalism of rationalism, which with all its talk about fraternity, gives us no true fellowship even with each other; because it misses that spiritual union, say rather unity with the Father, and with the Son, upon which the Church rests. But because this link is real and abiding, because the Church is a living fact, is it necessarily *infallible*? Surely not; it has erred, and it errs, yet it lives. Why should the Church be infallible, when the individual believer, who has received promises equally inclusive, in the individual guidance and comfort of the Holy Spirit, errs so frequently? as when our Lord adds to the promise of the Comforter's coming, 'He shall guide you into all truth.' Yet what varying, even opposed, opinions, have been held by those who have sought and evidently obtained His help. Analogy surely would prepare us for a fallible, an advancing, continually improving Church."

CHAPTER XI.

Letters to Professor Knight.

1867, etc.

"*February* 15*th*.

"I AM sure the historical is the ground on which the grand battle for Christian truth has to be fought. On this ground we can not only fight, but breathe. It comes between authority,—the hard stringency of Rome, crushing out individual reason, and making little, I would almost say, of individual faith,—and the vague subjectivity of Protestantism, needing, as it does, form and colour and defined outline to make it tangible to those who have not grasped its inner life. God Himself has made Christianity historic in making Himself a Man. Our blessed Lord, as the poor Scotch girl said, 'was a real Man, and lived a real life, and died a real death, and behold He is alive for evermore.' So is His Church a living fact, best considered in its history, which shows you how it has grown, as a thing having life in itself; how it has been a mould-

ing, influencing power over men and nations; how it has been itself influenced and modified; how it has erred. Yes! *as only the living can err*; and how it has again and again had reason to say with the prodigal,—'Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee!' Any other conception of the Church than the historic, locks you up to the metallic, crystallized, Romish view of Divine things —infallibility and authority;—which *may* commit unheard-of crimes, and devise unimagined novelties, and yet cannot err or be arraigned at the bar of the reason it insults, and the heart it outrages. Historic, too, is the lineage and the work of the thrice-hallowed Spirit. *One work*—though it appears under many aspects—the work of truth, and righteousness, and peace, enlightening every man that cometh into the world, so far as he receives of light."

"*May* 16*th*.

"I am very anxious for your opinion of the enclosed. They form part of 'Carmina in Viâ Crucis,' and depict a quite real phase of mind; and I have grown lately to think, that as Christians, it is no use, (in fact unworthy of the servants of Him Who came to testify of the truth,) to be everlastingly special-pleading, if one dare say so, for God, and blinking one's true and felt difficulties."

"*July* 15*th*.

"If this reaches you in time, will you return the fifth chapter to me if you can before the end of this

week, when I am likely to have a visit from a friend (a R. C.) who has interested himself most kindly about my work, and has even gained me an introduction to Montalembert, which I need not say how greatly I prize? I should be glad to show him that; or indeed, any of my work as far as I have yet gone. I feel it a weighty undertaking. Is it not really so? and my last in this line."

1868.

"*January 18th.*

"I am delighted to find that you and Mrs. Knight like 'Lacordaire' so well. My brother Alan is charmed with it; also Miss Ingelow; otherwise, I have been pained, so far, by a strange silence on the part of my friends, and by the absence of any public notice. I had felt as if it was a book which must strike a chord in the general Christian heart, and awaken some note of vibration. Then have you heard this futile, yet still very vexatious charge from Kelly, an Irish R. C. publisher, of mine being *a direct translation* of Chocarne? I believe he has actually proceeded against Mr. Douglas by law. Chocarne's work is just translated *in extenso*, so anyone who likes may compare the two."

"*June 6th.*

"I do not feel as if I should be able to write anything connected on the subject of our Saviour's

work and necessary death. It remains for me just what it is, a fact; the one great fact; in itself, doubtless an enigma;—Heaven's unexplained enigma—but the one which alone to my heart meets and touches all life's direst ones. It is more real to me than anything in the world, or out of it; that which brings the human, pitying, sympathising element into the whirl and awful chaos of creation; and makes of God a Being to be loved, because it proves that there is a necessity (of nature unknown to us) for the loss, anguish, and death that presses on the whole world; and *that God Himself has stooped to it.* How different to the old gods of Greece—careless and cruel in their continual serenity—*a God upon a Cross!* This, as Lacordaire says, is my theology: *Summa theologiæ.* I think the utmost I have ever said on this subject,—I mean in writing,—has been in letters to you. The aspect I see the Cross in, since I saw it at all, never varies. It has saved the world, and it will save me."

"*October 5th.*

"I want to consult you about some prose writings, a sequel to the 'Two Friends'; also your final revision of the 'Carmina Crucis' would be an inestimable advantage. I feel so anxious about these poems: my *best* they are, surely. Mr. Leslie, I expect, may be here some time in November, when of course we shall talk them over; and I have no doubt I shall receive an impulse to enable me to

finish them, so little now remains to be done. He has a true, and I should say unerring, instinct about all that has to do with poetry; but his life at present is such a very full one, and mine, as you know, such a very broken one, that I feel whatever we do together, will and *must* be done, in some degree at a snatch and dash; and I should like a calm, judicial friend to come in as third. I have found some most lovely poetical pieces, in the writings of St. John, of the Cross, and have thought of using them for mottoes."

1869.

"*March* 31*st.*

"I have but just returned from London, where I had a visit *rich* in interest and warm with affection. I stayed with both the Hunts * and the Taylors *; and saw a great deal of Miss Ingelow, and other invaluable friends. The result is, I am quite raised and uplifted *in art*; very busy too with the 'Carmina Crucis,' which are almost out."

"*April 9th.*

"I need not say how glad I shall be to have your opinion of 'Carmina Crucis,' as poetry. My own feelings and the opinion of some friends of whose

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* Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hunt, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor.

judgment I think very highly, tends to set them *far above* what I have yet done—in fact, both in art and *as a creed.* I consider it as my ultimatum; the expression of all that is most deep, true, and real in my heart and life. Do you not think there is a theology unfolded in the central idea of the second part—the view of the Cross as being the everlasting witness to *God's sympathy with man*, and of God's willingness to share and to endure the deep burden of woe laid upon humanity in His inexplicable Providence and plan? This phase of thought is unfamiliar to Protestantism; perhaps too little brought forward in Christian writings generally, which 'ever tend,' (in O. W. Holmes' words,) 'to throw the whole weight on man, in a way which seems cruel; making,' as he says, 'the finite accountable for the infinite.' How different I feel the truth to be, and how persuaded I am that God's thoughts are not our thoughts, neither His ways our ways, chiefly in being more large, loving, and merciful than our own—*not less so.*"

"*June 5th.*

"I suppose you have by this time received the 'Carmina Crucis.' We are greatly pleased with its aspect. The review in the *Pall Mall* is not a very friendly one,—but, perhaps, there is some truth in what it states in difficult, confused language, *i.e.*, that the author (I myself) has more hold, spiritually, on the revealed facts of Scripture than on natural

Theism; or that as Mr. Ashwell * (do you remember him?) put it yesterday, it is a picture of a mind driven to the Cross or work of Christ by the apparent cruelty of Nature, and the harsh difficulties and contradictions of life. *He* would have wished in the poems to see a more thorough working out of a rich spiritual life, won through His necessary death and loss; but though I agree with him in thinking the true idea of Christ contains this also, perhaps my aim in these poems was rather to show how 'deep answers unto deep,' and to show how the fearful mysteries of life are at least *met*, if they are not answered by the cognate mystery of a suffering, dying God. I always intended the series to include a poem addressed to the Apostle Paul, whom I regard as the great teacher and exponent of the Cross, showing us, both in his life and in his writings, how the Church in its general history, and in the experience of each particular believer, is, in Lacordaire's expression, '*born*, *crucified*, and lives its present life through renunciation and death.'

"When you review the Poems, please draw attention to Sita; through whom I intend to symbolize *the will*, true to its heavenly Lord, through evil and untoward circumstance. I consider this poem and the 'Aloe' (poetically) far the finest in the book."

* The late Canon Ashwell.

"*June* 30*th*.

"I enclose a most friendly and beautiful notice from the *Spectator*, which you may like *to keep*. I have another copy. One point I wish to notice to you which has been missed in both of these; that is, my feeling about the Cross—that is, Christ's work of labour, and pain, and death—is *not*, as Mr. A. says, 'the deification and exaltation of pain,' in which I personally have never found any deep or true revelation of God; but rather a solemn *witness* to *God's sympathy* with *man's sorrow*; an enigma, supposing it to be such, cast down by God alongside of the sorrowful problem of human life, not explaining it, but recognizing it. For instance, the principal intention of 'Buried not dead,' is not the ascetic victory over the will, but the *tear of Christ*—'a tear from His eye Who wept over the grave of Lazarus.' (See also a 'Life Requiem';—'The spot is marked by God.') If you wish to see this further carried out, I will send you the beginning of a new prose work which you need not return. The *Spectator* is right in seeing in these poems a mind *driven* to the Cross; to find in its revelation of a suffering God a refuge from the harsh fatalism of Nature, and the deep inscrutability of the outward (so-called) providential ordering of life. Also as a refuge from this, an ardent desire after personal communion with this tender, wise, divine Friend; but this, as the poems show, is not so much granted

as is the *objective view* of what Christ has done. To this the soul cleaves, 'as a man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven,' and truths, *so* taught, in spiritual things, are the only real possession."

1870.

"*March 2nd.*

"Mr. Strahan has undertaken to bring out 'Colloquia Crucis'; and I am working at it when I can, with a little time for steady, concentrated thought. I feel that I could bring out much from the two concluding chapters. I have thought a great deal of what I said to you about style, and its extraordinary importance—'*Le style c'est l'homme.*' It is that final stamp in writing, answering to that indefinable finish and tone, which, in personal appearance and manner, sets the mark of distinction on the possessor. I do not know how style is acquired; it seems to come to one sometimes the last thing, to crown all."

The following letter has no date. It was evidently written at a much earlier time than many from which I have made quotations; but it is so characteristic and important, that it must be given without abridgment.

"BUTTANLY MANOR,

"*July 29th.*

"Your remarks on the essay are invaluable to me. I shall take your advice in subtracting some of the thoughts for 'Two Friends'; and as soon as I return home will try to put the rest into as good a shape as I can. I do not think the *North British* will take it; but all I want, is to have my say out; and then to leave this subject, along with many others, to which I feel myself no longer equal; no longer equal, I mean, in their wholeness, although I may have thoughts connected with them that are interesting and useful. I should like also to finish a little outline of my ideas on Prayer, which I have worked at from time to time; also to make the 'Two Friends' as nice as I can make it, and then altogether to leave that line of writing. I have done what I can in that very peculiar walk of thought I was called to;—*all I can*;—for I am persuaded that none but minds of extraordinary grasp have more than one or two things that they really need say. Carlyle, for instance, who has been, whatever one may think of his tendencies and bearings, a true *teacher* to England, can be resolved into a few notes; so also Ruskin; although in the art province, you may usefully vary the application of a few thoughts to a great extent. Yet Ruskin's *work* was struck out in his first book, when he laid down the canons, which have put an understanding heart

into England in all that has to do with the beautiful and fit.

The 'Patience of Hope' contains the 'thing that I was born to do,' as regards writing. Now I have found the 'Summa theologia' just where the good Cardinal found it. I wish I were able to write to you on this great subject. I cannot do so, however, in an explanatory way. I will have it to appear, as I know it will do, in writing of other things. I told you, I think, something of the nature of this manifestation of Christ as the Redeemer, so full of unspeakable consolation, making me one with the whole family of God, and yet not working in me any mighty effect, or blissful change, *only planting in my heart a seed, in which the possibilities of all change and blessedness are wrapt up.* Deep convictions do not, cannot at all times, and under all circumstances, work out the results attributed to them in ordinary religious teaching. Certain results are only attainable under given conditions; and all that seems possible to me now is *to believe.* Sometimes one gets a deep glance into one's own mind; in mine, I do not find any strength of love towards God, or the energy of hope and endeavour towards good to men I used to do; only I find in those hours when fold after fold drops off, and leaves the inmost, central thought bare, that in me that centre is faith, a belief in Christ, and the everlasting purpose of God as manifested in His work and power such as

I have always desired to have; and now that I have it, even in this poor external sort of way, I know that God Who has sown it within me, can make it bloom into anything He likes—love, strength, joy—either in this world or in the next one. *Faith is the gift of God;* as much a direct, supernatural gift as the *grace* which meets and crowns it; therefore in belief there is an earnest of all blessedness. Belief in that one great doctrine of the Atonement, is to me like the 'blue flower' of the German legends, long sought and hidden, but when found, admitting into every guarded treasure, which, without the possession of it, would have been closed up. Oh that I could write upon this subject as I feel about it! Writing, however, belongs in some degree to the natural part of one's nature; it is a mental work, which requires a certain amount of physical energy. Did you read the article upon 'Lacordaire' in the *Quarterly?* It sets him, I think, far too low; and yet it has given me a sort of key to his life. He was what the French call *un esprit absolu* (I do not think we have the thing in England); and having once made an ideal of the Church, saw *in* it, even in the Church of Rome, the transubstantiation of humanity, which the sight and touch of the 'beggarly elements' could never shake his faith in; they were but the accidents, enveloping the glorious unseen substance. Surely the Church of Rome has a great deal to answer for in having robbed humanity of

the idea of a living Church. People who attack Rome never seem to think of this, and yet Popery under this view *is* anti-Christ, a fearful form of spiritual oppression and death, compelling life to assert itself in resistance and negation, which still have their imprint on Protestantism. Lacordaire, in competent hands, would be now, for our Church and times, a most interesting study. I will 'endeavour' it, as the old Divines say, and hope for help from you. If anything should prevent my accomplishing the book, I hope *you* will take it up. The political part, I think, might be touched lightly, after one has once stated his peculiar position as a democrat and religionist. It makes a great deal of his correspondence very dry,—even that with Madame Swetchine turning so much on newspaper articles, and things that seem to belong to the infinitely little.

"I sometimes feel troubled about that idea you and Alan have of evil; and yet it shows me that you have been both of you good, and also happy, in more than a usual degree, not to have known the depths of Satan in sinfulness, nor any extremity of anguish connected with this body of our death, through every tissue of which his arrows can wind and work. If we look at Satan only as the foe to natural happiness, the blight and destroyer of humanity, who can *hope* that he should be forgiven? To me it seems so wonderful that you should not *require* to hate some one, seeing what

desolations are wrought upon the earth. Hatred to the devil is inwrought into the inmost fibre of my soul, as I suppose we only can hate a being with whom we have a fearful possibility of contact. And with regard to what Alan said about all our propensions being good; this, in a strained way, may apply to many of them; fraud, for instance, may be an exaggerated form of self-love; but where, in good, is the root of cruelty, and all that is simply malign? And where, of other aspects in human nature,—pages one does not dare to look into too deeply,—where evil, as in the outbreak I told you of in Durham Jail, is evidently delighted in for its own sake; the very language losing all that made it *human*. Evil seems to me to have all the characteristics of life, of independent life; it has movement, communicativeness, growth, reproduction, and a power of assimilating to itself whatever it can gain contact with, unless hindered by some antidotal energy. How does this agree with its being a mere warp or distortion, or with its being a lower form of good? Evil is a kingdom, a spiritual force, with a personal ruler, *the* kingdom that Jesus came to destroy utterly. I was greatly struck with an observation I met with in De Maistre, politically; but I applied it to this subject. The very fact of war, he says, implies some degree of equality. We do not hear of Genoa engaging with France, or Ragusa contending with the Sultan; and between

God and the devil there is, has been, will be, war in heaven and on earth: Michael and his angels contending against the devil and his angels. Heathendom past and present seems such an image of the strength, consistency, and persistency of evil.

"Did you see an article in the last *Edinburgh* on 'Missions'? from which it appears that beneath all the gigantic superstitions of India lie the traces of an apparently primitive, infinitely more cruel and hideous worship, resembling the frightful rites of some African tribes of the present day. But what is heathendom, under every aspect, but devil worship? I have been greatly interested by hearing long ago, an intelligent lady describe the awful effect of its near neighbourhood, when living up in the heart of India near Delhi. I think it was at some of the great native festivals, hearing their revelry at night, made evil appear a tangible reality, a blackness of darkness, such as we never feel in a Christian country."

CHAPTER XII.

Reminiscences by Miss Ingelow.

AMONG the friends who have been so good as to furnish me with reminiscences of Miss Greenwell, Miss Jean Ingelow was from the first prompt and kind in her recognition of my need and difficulty in gathering materials for my work. The following contribution will be read with tender interest by those who knew Miss Greenwell's genius and character, and who at the same time cherish admiration for the sister poet, whose works have often strengthened and comforted their hearts. Miss Ingelow writes:—

"It is a pleasure to add my slight contribution to your Memoir of Miss Greenwell; yet I fear you will not find it of much value, for our intercourse, though it extended over a good many years, was broken by long intervals, and we did not regularly correspond.

"It was always a pleasure to be with a person at once so sympathetic and so original.

"Dora Greenwell's character, so far as I am a judge, could not be drawn on any lines already laid down. I felt, when first introduced to her, that she was a new kind of person. This was during a tour in the north of England that I took with one of my brothers. She was living in a wide old house in the city of Durham, with her mother; a very striking mother, who had an almost Roman air of decision and energy, was very tall, dark, had a fine presence, and a certain protective air over the daughter, who was also tall, very slender, had a gentle, slightly hesitating manner, and a soft, almost cooing voice.

"Mrs. Greenwell was most kind and hospitable; she insisted that we should spend a Sunday with her, and gave us a midday dinner. After this Dora Greenwell took me through an upstairs drawing-room to a small room which seemed to be her own boudoir. It was fitted up in the old-fashioned style with shelves of china and curiosities.

"Here she began at once to talk with perfect unreserve; she brought out some of her most interesting views and ideas, and let it be perceived that she lived in a shaded world. The tone of her conversation was like that of her poems; she scarcely demanded of life that it should give her joy, but she desired the satisfaction of expression; she wished to alter some of its inevitable sorrow.

"There is a restlessness in genius, which is quite

independent of circumstances. The clean, grass-grown street, the wide, quiet house, the old Cathedral calm, the formal routine of visits which were all parts of her life, had a certain fascination for a looker-on; yet she could not but chide them, they meant rest and withdrawal, and she felt a need for expansion, and a sacred craving to do more for others, and to be more to them.

"Her human affections were deep, they went deeper than mere benevolence. She was also of a very social nature, and felt that her powers revived and grew by contact with her fellows. Her own family had both culture and genius; but she needed the addition of a large literary circle; desired to influence and be influenced by other intellectual people; and did not perhaps perceive that wherever she went she would be fortunate enough to take herself with her; that she was stronger than circumstances, and that the best things given to her to say were those which made a note of difference between her and contemporaries commanding attention and awakening sympathy.

"As she appeared then, she was very attractive. She warmed with her subject, was eloquent, and most interesting; she spoke too with entire unreserve as to a person whom she knew.

"I never saw her again in that quiet home, or under those circumstances; but, whenever we met, there was this same charm. It was delightful to hear her

talk, but intimacy did not increase; for she was one of those uncommon persons, if I am not mistaken, who can acquire, understand, and sympathize with nearly all they are ever to know about authors from their books; personal intercourse did not appear to change or heighten for her the significance of their written words.

"There was a refreshing difference, owing to this peculiarity, between her conversation and that of most people—specially of most women. Her thoughts had more form than colour, more abstract truth than character; they were like some statue, harmonious, but deprived of individuality. This appeared also in her books; she did not draw a character, but a type.

"In writing thus of her, I feel that possibly her more intimate friends may have held quite different views respecting her;—I hope they will observe that I speak of these things as her advantages.

"'Carmina Crucis' is a good example of this manner. It suits all who are in a certain state of mind; it is without regard to age or sex or circumstance, and it can never become old-fashioned. Most of her best poems have the same characteristics, with the addition of a certain moderation; they do not fascinate but they satisfy.

"I often had the pleasure of seeing Dora Greenwell when she was living in her small house at Westminster. Though she was in failing health, she

much enjoyed the intercourse she had with her many friends. To me she was always affectionate. I have constantly felt that her friendship was a great privilege, and that she herself was the most remarkable woman I have known."

CHAPTER XIII.

Reminiscences by Two Friends.

MISS CAROLINE RICHARDSON, an intimate friend of Miss Greenwell's, tells me that she thinks it was in 1868 that Dora first went to stay at her mother's house in Newcastle. Her sympathy was at once drawn out by Mrs. Richardson's blindness; and there sprung up on both sides a strong and deep friendship. As long as she lived in Durham she was accustomed to go over frequently to Newcastle; and Miss Richardson often visited her, and relieved her in some measure from the strain of attendance upon Mrs. Greenwell, who was a great invalid. Testimony is borne that this care of her mother in sickness and gradual failure, was nobly accepted as a duty which was in no sense to be shirked, but joyfully fulfilled as strength was given. "So completely did she enter into a 'fellowship of suffering,' that it was easy to realize how, apart from any personal sorrows, the temper of her mind was moulded to the sadness

which runs through all her later works. But the charming playfulness, which turned aside every trifling vexation, made sunshine in the deepest gloom. Two or three of her later poems—as for instance, 'The Robin,' and 'To the Most Forgotten Soul in Purgatory,'—express the agony of fellow-feeling which those alone know who tread in the footsteps of the Man of Sorrows. It was not only in poetic composition that this found vent, but in helpful interest for schemes of public philanthropy; and not less for the patient and unrecognized labour of humble workers among the poor.

"She had the power of attracting to herself young and ardent spirits, and many of these owe to her an impetus to work, and a hopefulness through seeming failure, which have filled their lives with faithful purpose."

Miss Jean Watson's reminiscences covered a later period, and are deeply interesting. I quote her words:—

"My first intercourse with Miss Greenwell was when she was editing a few stories to be sold in the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots, then begun in Lancaster. She wrote me, asking me for a published story, to be used in the series. I had none which suited, for they needed to be about imbeciles; so I wrote one which a friend told me a few days before; the facts had happened in his father's parish (he was a clergyman) in the Highlands. My little

story was called 'Benjie of Millden'; and Miss Greenwell got it published with the others. She then wrote me that she intended to visit Edinburgh, and would come and see me. I told Dr. Guthrie of our expected visitor; he was then Editor of the *Sunday Magazine*; and he at once said—'Oh! I must see Miss Greenwell; bring her down to tea some evening.'

"We went accordingly;—Miss Greenwell and her friend Miss Laws, my sister and myself; these were all the guests. After tea, we adjourned to the drawing-room; and we all made a circle round the Doctor and Miss Greenwell, to listen to their conversation. It was a memorable evening to those who were privileged to be there. The conversation turned on Scottish theology; Miss Greenwell asked questions, and the Doctor answered, explained, and illustrated. I don't know who most excelled, the answerer or the questioner. I never saw Dr. Guthrie appear to such advantage; and Miss Greenwell, with her grand, great mind, sat like a little child at his feet, for she felt he knew about matters that were strange to her. On the one side, there was no dogmatizing; on the other, no cavilling. At one time, when the subject turned on our Lord and His sufferings, I looked up and saw the tears streaming down Miss Greenwell's cheeks.

"During the course of the evening Miss Greenwell sang some sweet airs, and the words, which

she pronounced distinctly, seemed beautiful. The Doctor, who was standing beside her, listening, exclaimed afterwards,—'Madam, these words are your own.' She owned that they were; but asked how he had found that out. 'Ah!' replied her host, 'only one who had composed the words could throw the same touch of feeling as you did into them.'

"When we left, and walked home in the beautiful summer evening, Miss Greenwell spoke little; she seemed deep in thought. At last she said, 'How privileged you are to know and sit under the ministry of such a man. I don't think that I ever before spent such an evening.'

"Some time afterwards, the Doctor too mentioned that meeting; and once he said, replying to my wondering about the beautiful manner in which Miss Greenwell listened to his words,—'Ah! Madam!' —his usual style of address—'it is ever thus with true genius; I never saw such another as Miss Greenwell who was not humble, teachable, and childlike.'

"After that, a lady, in whom we were both interested, getting into difficulties from no fault of her own, I wrote Miss Greenwell for a little help, knowing well that her heart and purse were open to every tale of sorrow. Our generous friend at once replied by sending me a poem, which she wrote, and said—'Please send that to Mr. Isbister; tell him to put it into the *Sunday Magazine*, and

give you £5 for it; then take and send it with my love to the lady who has got into trouble.' I did so, and soon after appeared, in the *Sunday Magazine*, 'The Battle Flag of Sigurd the Northern Warrior'; in my estimation one of the finest of Miss Greenwell's poems.

"The next time Miss Greenwell and I had any intercourse, was during the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott, in Edinburgh. She, with 'Sarah Tytler,' and other writers, had been specially invited to be present. 'Sarah Tytler,' Miss Greenwell, and some others, met in my house the following evening. I wish I could recall a little of the conversation of that time. I remember Miss Greenwell spoke a good deal about the duty of wasting nothing. She said she levied contributions from all her friends, who worked worsted work, for their left-off ends of thread; and she gave them to a poor lame woman, who made pretty things with them, which she sold, and helped to maintain herself in that way. Her friends, she added, called her a 'religious nuisance,' for she was always asking them for help for others. I remember her dress on that occasion; she had chosen her colours so well, and looked the perfect lady in the beautiful black gown, the lace cap, and violet ribbons.

"The last time I saw her was in London, when she was very delicate. She often invited me to come and sit beside her, and would say, 'Now

talk to me, for I am not very able to entertain you.' She never spoke of her ailments, and yet she must have suffered much. I remember once speaking of photographs; she said, 'Do you know the thing I hate most, when I go to a house, is to get a book of those tiresome likenesses put into my hand, which, for politeness' sake, I must look at; and very likely I don't know a face amongst the lot'; and then she added, 'I do hate photos. I have never got myself taken.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

Miss Greenwell's Interest in Imbeciles.

THE interest which Miss Greenwell cherished for all her weak, struggling, disadvantaged, and forlorn fellow beings, was always manifest to those, who, in ever so slight a degree, had the privilege of her acquaintance. Nor could any fail to notice this as a prominent feature of her character, even if they had no other means of observation than those given by a knowledge of her writings. Her eye quickly and vividly caught sight of all the weak and sad elements of human existence, and her heart eagerly responded to the faintest cry for pity and help, even from the remotest and deepest regions of human suffering. The more peculiar and touchingly difficult the conditions of suffering were, and the farther they were removed from the observation and concern of the great world, the more pertinaciously did she endeavour to discover their origin, and to administer a remedy. As in many other respects, the opposition or misunderstanding which her

peculiar philanthropies had to endure, only served to increase the ardour and strengthen the resolutions which she brought to bear upon her exertions. She had a way of seeming to regard any special branch of benevolent interest in which her heart was engaged, as being before all others important and imperious in its claims. She could not espouse any cause with half her heart. Her soul was aflame with passionate enthusiasm if it were on fire at all. She was totally unacquainted with simmering emotions of a philanthropic kind. For merely *fashionable* philanthropy, she felt something that was more than disgust, she loathed it.

Among the great enthusiasms of her life, none deserve to be more especially mentioned than her concern for idiots and imbeciles. As her interest in these poor sufferers grew into flaming zeal at the period which we have now reached in the story of her life, it is desirable to narrate some of its incidents at the present point. Her heart and her pen were enlisted in a noble enterprise which was then occupying the care and devotion of many good people in the North of England,—the founding of the Royal Albert Asylum at Lancaster, for the reception of the idiots and imbeciles of the seven Northern Counties. An article from Miss Greenwell's pen appeared in the *North British Review*, for September, 1868, "On the Education of the Imbecile," which was reprinted and circulated by the Committee

of the Asylum. It is a very brilliant and noble sketch of the claims of the idiot, and the efforts made for his improvement. But I am thankful to introduce here a considerable portion of a kind and valued contribution, furnished to me by Mr. James Diggens, then and now the Secretary of the Royal Albert Asylum. This interesting portion of Miss Greenwell's life is carefully brought to view by this gentleman's sympathetic reminiscences.

"I was introduced to Miss Dora Greenwell," writes Mr. Diggens, "by a clergyman at Halifax, who was an old friend of hers. At that time, (the summer of 1867,) I was endeavouring to create in the county of Durham an interest in our enterprise for establishing at Lancaster, a Northern Counties' Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles, and it was suggested that the Greenwell family could be of much service to me. One brother, the Rev. Alan Greenwell, rendered me efficient help in the city, (where he was highly esteemed, though no longer resident there,) by personal introductions; and another, the Rev. Canon Greenwell, became one of the Local Secretaries for the Institution, which at that time was only a project gradually shaping itself into actuality. Miss Greenwell had the deepest sympathy with suffering of all kinds, but she did not, I think, hastily take up any work of philanthropy. Before her heart moved to action, her judgment had to be convinced. I well remember, how, at my first

visit, she plied me with many shrewd questions as to the feasibility of our work, and sought information respecting its practical results. She gradually warmed to the cause, as she became convinced of its necessity and importance, and she eventually developed into an attractive centre of influence, endeavouring, as she would humorously remark, to make good 'plants.' In a letter, dated December 30th, 1867, she writes: 'I am going on as well as I can find opportunity, but we must try to have Alan over when you come, and to make a good energetic push, have a telling meeting at Durham, and as many offshoots in the neighbouring towns as possible. Darlington ought to be a good centre on account of there being so many Friends there, and they are always interested in whatever concerns mental amelioration. I never feel so worldly, *i.e.*, so inclined to make capital out of everything, money and rank included, as when I am engaged in a philanthropic object. One must work every string. I think you might send a collection of tracts and papers to ——, with a notice of the Durham meeting. He is a rich and very benevolent man, but of extremely retired habits. When he can be got at, he seldom fails, and this object might commend itself to him. Also to Mrs. ——; she, if won, would be a powerful supporter. I will write to her. Perhaps, however, she or Mr. —— has already been applied to.' She tried to interest in our work every one with whom she

came in contact, and certainly, both by conversation and correspondence, she gained for us many friends who have through many years been staunch and zealous supporters of the Institution. Great interest was excited in Durham. Some time after the meeting, she wrote: 'I hope soon to send you another five pounds, but I think far more is to be done now by *diffusing information*, which I try to do. A very kind-hearted and intelligent doctor told me yesterday, that the ideas brought forward at our meeting here were absolutely *new* to him, and that when he was at Guy's, twenty-five years ago, idiots were considered by the students simply as so many animals.' Miss Greenwell induced many of her lady friends to take collecting purses for the Foundation Stone Ceremony, (June, 1868,) and when visiting distant friends, she still laboured for the cause, the success of which she had so much at heart. 'I have returned,' she writes, 'from a very pleasant but hurried visit to Scotland. It was so crowded up with events and friends, that I had never time to tell you that I have, I hope, made a very good plant for you at Alnwick. My friend there, Miss ——, will be very glad to enter into communication with you about the proposed meeting in September. She is a most generous and very energetic person, warmly interested in every good cause. I gave her one of the four essays you sent, and utilised the others. Dr. ——, the principal medical man there, is highly intelligent, and

has made, evidently, a profound study of mental science; so I should think he might be won to interest himself actively in the movement. When in Edinburgh, I got very intimate with Miss J. L. Watson, and liked her very much. She took me to spend an evening with Dr. Guthrie. I think it would be worth while to send a series of our 'tracts' to Miss ——, Darlington. She is a most kindly, active person, and has not only been greatly interested in the essay, but has brought it under the notice of her brother, Sir J. F——.'

"Reference has been made to tracts, stories, and the 'essay.' In our efforts to arouse an intelligent interest on behalf of the imbecile, I had greatly felt the need of attractive literature on the subject, and it occurred to me, that if we could publish a series of stories of imbeciles, by well-known writers, much good might be done in evoking sympathy for this necessitous and suffering class. Miss Greenwell readily entered into my scheme, and consented to edit such a series. She also obtained the hearty co-operation of Mr. Constable, the eminent Edinburgh printer, by whom the little stories were beautifully printed and got up in the most attractive style; and Messrs. Strahan and Co. consented to publish them. The first of the series was 'Harmless Johnny,' by Caroline Bowles (Mrs. Southey), which had originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Permission to reprint it was obtained

from Messrs. Blackwood, by Mr. Constable. Miss Greenwell specially translated from the French of Madame de Gasparin an exquisitely pathetic story of an imbecile, which she entitled 'A Poor Boy.' Dr. George Macdonald, the popular novelist, gave us his story, 'The Wow o' Rivven,' which had appeared in *Good Words*, and Messrs. Strahan kindly made over to us the copyright. The next in the series was 'Benjie of Millden,' by Miss J. L. Watson, author of 'Bygone Days in our Village.' 'A Day at Earlswood,' was reprinted from the *Daily News*, by permission of the author, Mr. J. C. Parkinson, and, subsequently, when the Royal Albert Asylum was in operation, 'Broken Gleams,' by Mrs. Miller, a cousin of Miss Greenwell's, was added to the series. This last pamphlet was a description of a visit to an asylum, and was written at the suggestion of Miss Greenwell. Thousands of these publications were circulated throughout the North of England, and considerable interest in our work was evoked by them. But Miss Greenwell's chief service to the cause of the imbecile, was an article 'On the Education of the Imbecile,' which appeared in the *North British Review*, in September, 1868. The writing of such an article had been the subject of conversation in 1867, and I was able to supply her with much material for the purpose. On the 20th of December, 1867, she writes,—'I have received the formidable parcel, and hope to make

something really interesting when I once set to in earnest.'

"To illustrate her earnestness in our cause, I may quote the entire letter:—

"'I seem to have been very long in writing to you, but these last few days I have been particularly busy with friends. I have done what I could for "Poor Johnny," in the way of simplifying the language, but I do not feel inclined to alter "A Poor Boy," especially as regards the delicate touches of the poor mother's character, in which so much of the pathos lies; the little descriptions of nature it has are full of beauty. It might sell, I think, as a sixpenny tract. Anyhow you can keep it by you for the present. Any allusion of a *direct kind* to the Asylum, in a little story of this kind, destroys its simplicity by making you feel it is written for a purpose. This, in anything literary, must always be avoided, as carefully as you would avoid the old-fashioned 'moral' at the end of a fable. You might print something, however, on the cover indicating the work done.

"'When do you intend to have the meeting in Durham? It seems to me we must make a great effort, and strike while the iron is hot. The times are so hard, it might seem that it would be difficult to get people to take interest in what is comparatively a special branch of charity. All, however, that I have talked to, or at least with exceptions not

worth mentioning, have seemed warmly interested and alive. I wish when you come you would get my brother Alan to meet you here. He is such a capital one for working up people. Send me word when you are likely to come, and I will be in readiness.' In a postscript, she adds,—'On looking over "A Poor Boy," again, it seems only fitted for cultivated people and *not* for children. However, it is nice to have something for all grades. I know it always touches a spring in my own heart.'

"It was in the essay 'On the Education of the Imbecile,' that something was provided for cultivated people. The tone of the essay is so lofty, the range of information so varied and succinctly put, the grasp of the subject so comprehensive, and withal its style is so charming, that it could not fail to be interesting to intelligent and educated persons, and when reprinted it was widely circulated among the clergy and medical men of the North of England. Profound and far-reaching thought, and poetic treatment, are characteristic of it, as may be seen in her introductory pages. It treats of connection between the Soul and the Body, Abnormal Phases of Humanity, Psychological Aspects of Imbecility, the Soul's Captivity, Importance of the Work, Philanthropic Efforts, France the Pioneer, the First Experiment, Seguin's Principles and Methods, Progress in Britain and America, Labours of Voisin, Influence of Temperament, Voisin's Theory

of Instruction, Great Obstacles at the Outset, Patient Ingenuity of Teachers, Marvellous Results, Fundamental Theory, Love elicits Intelligence, Studying Predilections, Axioms for General Education, Consequences of Neglect, etc., etc. The essay was quoted by some of the most eminent men in the North, who have at public meetings or in the pulpit pleaded the importance and Christian obligation of efforts to ameliorate the condition of the imbecile. I well remember an eminent physician, occupying the position of president of the British Medical Association, remarking to me that it must have been written by some very able physician, and his astonishment was amusing to see, when he was told who the author really was. The subject was well thought out, and the line of treatment was quite unique. Some years afterwards she wrote to me, 'My essay is greatly liked here (Torquay), and creates interest. I was told yesterday it was far the best thing I had done.' It was this study of idiocy which induced her to take a deep interest in mental pathology, and in the connection between the animal and spiritual nature in man. She read carefully Dr. Maudsley's 'Physiology and Pathology of the Mind.' With reference to this book, she wrote me, 'I shall be glad to borrow Dr. Maudsley's book, if you can assure me that there is nothing in it of a repressive character. A gentleman who praised it to me, implied a doubt as to its being

a book which a lady would like to read, and I did not like to inquire distinctly, as I knew you would kindly make out for me what he meant; but if he only alluded to its necessarily painful character, the great interest I take in mental subjects would overweigh this altogether; and I feel as if, from what I have heard of Dr. Maudsley's views, he must have struck out a great light in this dark and sorrowful region.'

"Professor Goodsir's lectures on the 'Dignity of the Human Body,' and on cognate subjects, interested and delighted her greatly, and they, no doubt, gave a bias to her own book, 'Liber Humanitatis.' She wrote from Bristol, 'I think I am quite ready now to begin to study Seguin, and shall be greatly obliged by your sending me any books you can, also by your telling me of any on subjects of kindred interest. I am now able to give myself in some degree to this, *to me*, subject of most intimate, all engrossing interest—the connection between man's bodily and spiritual nature. You, I know, can help me in this. I am already far advanced in a book of essays on this great subject. It will, perhaps, be my last; then my Father will see I have finished my appointed work, and will take me to Himself. I have also a volume of poems you will like greatly. I have read Maudsley's "Body and Mind," with the deepest interest possible.'

"Distress of any kind obtained her sympathy. She

writes,—'My feelings have been very much awakened on behalf of an imbecile little girl who has been in the Infirmary (Durham) lately; a child about ten years of age, evidently imbecile, and yet it seemed as if much might be done for her. Is there any chance of your being here soon? I should much like you to see her, but alas! even then, we are no nearer getting her into the Asylum. A poor girl, a continual invalid, quite helpless, and bed-ridden from paralysis, whose mother is a lunatic, and who has a brother an idiot, has begun to take an interest in the Royal Albert Asylum and to sell things to collect for it. Is not this an "Alms in Blossom"?'

"The injuries said to be received in their occupation by the juvenile phosphorus match-makers of London, awakened her strong compassion, and she longed to alleviate their sad lot. In her letters, there was frequent reference to the importance of doing something for these poor children, as 'Have you done anything about the phosphor match-makers, or is anything to be done?' Again, 'I have still greatly at heart the cause of the poor little match-makers in London. Is there anything that *can* be done for them, or any one who is working expressly for them?' And afterwards, when lying dangerously ill, she wrote me, 'If I do not live much longer, I solemnly commend this cause to you.' I was, from incessant work in connection with my own charitable task of assisting to promote the establishment of a

great North Country Refuge for Idiots, quite unable to undertake this work of arousing popular sympathy and seeking to further legislative action with regard to these poor children. But Miss Greenwell continually recurred to the subject.

"Another project, which seemed to her very desirable, was the establishment of a Hospital for Insane Children. In the course of her experience she had met with several children with mental idiosyncrasies, amounting to a mild form of lunacy, which she held to be curable under proper scientific treatment. This object also she urged me to take up.

"Miss Greenwell's services to the Royal Albert Asylum were gratefully acknowledged. 'Your letter yesterday,' she writes, 'gave me heartfelt pleasure. I can truly say that whatever I have been able to do for the Royal Albert Asylum has been a labour of love, and as such needs no payment or reward, but recognition must be always acceptable, and I hope you will express my warm sense of this to the gentlemen of the Central Committee.'

"On another occasion she thus refers to the grateful appreciation of her benevolent work for the institution: 'I can only say I have found, in trying to help the Royal Albert Asylum, such warm and sustained recognition and kindness that those who befriend it must not expect any other recompense: they have their reward therein.'"

CHAPTER XV.

Reminiscences by the Constable Family.

WE have been introduced in a previous chapter to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Constable, of Edinburgh, and their family. The following reminiscences are now given, because they include many references to a later period of Miss Greenwell's life than that covered by the "Correspondence." The first of these reminiscences is from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Constable, of Hurst Wood Vicarage, near Uckfield, Sussex. We have already met with him in the Correspondence. Mr. Constable says :—

"In 1860, Miss Greenwell (in less than a fortnight we had all learned to call her 'Dora,' including my youngest brother, aged three,) paid her first visit to us at 34, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh. I had never before seen any one of mature years put herself so completely on a level with us children. I say 'put herself on a level'; but I do not believe there was the least bit of conscious levelling. She naturally adapted herself to us, and actually became our

'playmate,' as she loved to call herself. With my eldest sister she would have all manner of girlish fun and pleasantness; with my elder brother she would read and discuss philosophy, poetry, theology, and literature of any kind. She and I entered upon a course of Henry's 'First Latin Book' together, I being supposed to be the teacher, though our knowledge was pretty much upon a par, and somehow or another even 'Balbus building the Wall,' and 'Caius beholding the great snake's great body,' became quite interesting personages. The quantities of illustration, playful and otherwise, she would throw in,—her suggestive remarks, her little bits of comparative philology, and her most grateful praise of me as a teacher,—all glorified the lesson. No one praised more pleasantly, or was more thoroughly persuaded of the good that appropriate praise does. My 'pleasant voice' was commended, and it was so *much* nicer to have me as a master than a certain tutor who had always come in lemon-coloured gloves, and bowed a great deal. She used to play with me unweariedly at chess too; and for my little sisters delightful evening amusements were at once instituted. She taught them 'commerce,' an old-fashioned round game at cards, and laid in a stock of bonbons of all kinds for prizes, to be given those who had the best hands each time. With my father and mother she had the closest and most delightful intercourse of all. How well I remember her keen

delight in, and appreciation of, my father's wit; no one laughed so pleasantly or so easily; she was never amused, of course, at anything that was pointless; but she would discover, and make visible, fun, where no one else had seen it. I never heard such graceful 'badinage'; of course she could not sting, but no one hit the nail more exactly on the head. Nor did I ever meet so delightful a talker; and I have had many a long talk with her as a boy, as a youth, as a man, at all of which times I was interested in entirely different things: but I always found a ready response, whatever the subject was. My mother and I were much amused, after paying her a visit at Clifton, by her parting remark to us:—'Oh, Lucy, there is only one thing that I am sorry about—that we haven't talked more.' Our impression was one of brilliant, delightful, and almost unbroken talk from her. One day, when I went to see her at her lodgings in Westminster, I went guarded by a complete list of the trains to my home in the country, where it was important for me to get back that night. I found, however, when I got there, that I had brought no watch with me, and that her clock was only one of those gilt French ones which never go. So I thought I would judge by the light how long I could stay; and if the conversation was *very* interesting, I would treat myself to the last train. I went there about half-past two, nor did I get away till about eleven, when

all country trains had long ceased to run. There was always something more, and something more, that one of us wanted to say.

"Although she was all of a piece, and quite coherent, yet she hardly ever took exactly the view one expected about any subject. There was always much of her own individuality, not only in her expression of her views, but in the views themselves. She seemed to me to have the very strongest faith in sacramental grace; she said she would like to receive the Eucharist daily; that it was meant for good for us all. She deprecated the view of self-abasement and contrition being *necessary* to the reception of it. I remember her saying, 'I know some go to praise God, and to confess their sins and to be present at (the showing forth of) the (great) sacrifice; but really I own *I* go *for what I can get.*' She always said fearlessly just what she was feeling at the moment. Once when I had said something about the monotony of what we are led to expect in Heaven, she replied—'Oh, dear Tom, that's not my idea of Heaven at all; I don't want to go to be always bowing down before the Almighty, and telling Him how holy He is; I want to go and have a good time.' She had been tortured by pain, and 'malaise' worse than pain, and she spoke as she felt at the time. One of the most spiritual and religious souls I ever knew, she could not away with any 'goody-goody' talk, but was

always true and fearless. She had a belief in the holy bread and wine which many call superstitious: once when I was going to an early celebration, she wished much I could bring back some of the bread for her. She occasionally confessed to a priest, and always, she told me, with benefit. I think, to her, the great strength of the Catholic Church was, that it seemed to her to join all its members together as brothers and sisters, more than (non-Anglican) Protestants do. I remember her once saying to me, 'Since I became a Catholic, it has given me such a different feeling for all the people about me. Look at that boy George, now,' (the youth who had just brought in a letter,) 'how ugly he is, and how uninteresting and mean we should find him, if we did not know that he is a member of Christ's Body, partaking the same holy food as ourselves, part of the same wondrous building.' But though she believed so thoroughly in the Catholic Church, (Roman, Greek, Anglican,) as an energetic, and richly-gifted, Divinely-gifted body and force, still her personal sympathies were, I think, with Evangelicals and Dissenters. She did not much like, she told me, as a rule, the high Church clergy; and she disliked a ritualistic service. She was in the curious position of accepting the dogmas which give ritualism and symbolism their meaning, and yet disliking the ritualism itself. No service was too simple for her, no doctrine too 'high.' But the

central truth of all for her ever was 'the atoning death of Christ on the Cross'; and she clung above all to those who made it their chief and only hope and theme. She thought ritualists very often flippant and satirical; disliked their merry Sunday evenings after all the solemn services; thought them simply a protest against Sabbatarianism; hated their jokes about 'three-deckers' and 'horse-boxes' (high pews); and the contempt they showered upon the simpler services of their fellow-Christians. She got almost all her 'high' doctrines out of the Epistles of St. Paul; and told me with interest of a friend who had become very high Church simply through reading the Bible.

"But in nature she loved best what was gorgeous and richly-moulded. She had the same passion Kingsley had for all that was tropical, glowing reds and purples, great spreading palms, rich and potent scents; and in her whole nature there was a love of what was free and lavish. 'That is a miserable idea,' she said once, 'of perfection—to make the two ends *meet*. I should like them to *tie in a handsome bow*.' She liked what was bright to look at, to wear, to live in. And yet much of her life was spent among dull surroundings. Always more or less of an invalid from the time we knew her, her bright, lively spirit was ever escaping when possible (without selfishness) from the toils; and when escape was impossible, she remained bright and

playful and sweet-tempered all the same. Ardently attached to her mother, whose great treasure she was, she became more and more necessary to her, as Mrs. Greenwell became more infirm, and at last the old lady could hardly bear her out of her sight. Yet when invitations (to dinner, etc.) came, she was almost always pressed to accept them. But when the time for actually going came, the old lady could not bear to lose her, and sometimes there would be a scene of this kind:—'Dora; I'll give you a shilling, if you'll not go to that place this evening, but stop at home with me.' 'Oh dear, no, mother; I couldn't think of stopping away for a shilling. I'm asked to meet the Dean, and all sorts of fashionable people.' 'Well, eighteenpence, then.' (The old lady had a good deal of humour.) 'No, no, mother; I refuse to come to terms under anything less than half-a-crown.' And then a polite refusal would be sent, and Miss Greenwell would cheerfully settle down to read out some story from the *Quiver*, a novel, or (more often latterly) hymns, or the Bible. Till she became entirely an invalid, no one was so fond of simple, social gaiety as she. To see a good play was a great delight to her, enjoyed very seldom, and at long intervals; and also going out to tea, or having friends to tea: sometimes we had games, sometimes we had music: she used to sing sweetly when young, and had always the greatest delight in it. Sometimes we read all together a play of

Shakespeare. What the amusement was was a minor consideration; she made all and each of them interesting and entertaining.

"Some of her songs, of which she wrote both the music and words, are very pretty; especially, I think, one dedicated to my mother, beginning—'And hast thou won my heart, my love?' One song that my mother sang, she thought so pretty, it couldn't be better, and she wanted to copy it. After a bit, she thought the words might be improved, so she wrote new ones; then it turned out the music might be better, so she wrote a new air. Then we were presented with our old knife, only it had a new blade and a new handle, and was quite unrecognizable; and it turned out we all liked our old friend best, (perhaps for 'auld sake's sake,') at which no one was more amused than herself. She was always singularly free from conceit and affectation in every way; but she honestly admired many of her poems very much, and did not scruple to say so with the utmost frankness. Sometimes when I was reading them out to her, she would call out—'Oh, stop, dear Tom, isn't that a beautiful line? read it again'—or 'Are you sure you see what a beautiful thought that is?' And if I praised any passage—'Oh, I'm so glad you like that, that is *such* a favourite of mine.' It was the easiest thing possible to her to express her thoughts both in words and acts, and she had no reserve that was

not born of kindness and delicate feeling. Once, when my sister was visiting her at Durham, it came into Miss Greenwell's mind during breakfast, that she had forgotten to say her prayers. No sooner in her mind than on her lips; nor did the impulse stop there. Leaving her seat, she quietly knelt down at the other end of the room, and when she had asked for what she wanted, came back to her place, evidently feeling that nothing in the least remarkable had happened.

"Her life was hid with Christ in God, but it was also wonderfully transparent to all who knew her. I hope 'that those who run may read.'"

Mrs. Berkley, of Navestock Vicarage, near Romford, Essex, recalls in the following brief, but interesting reminiscences, her memories of Miss Greenwell. Mrs. Berkley was the eldest daughter of the Constable family.

"Everything about dear Dora was free and gracious. She had a wonderful knack of making one happy in her presence; and I suppose pleased one's self-love, for she somehow made one feel oneself appreciated, or perhaps I ought to say *understood*. She always understood one. Her pleasure in fun and gentle badinage was unequalled. Her conversation sparkled with humour. Oh! the breakfasts long ago, when she stayed with us; how we children enjoyed listening to the grave and gay —but surely chiefly *gay* talk between her and my

father! How she delighted in him! Few people can talk with pleasantry on serious subjects without bordering on irreverence. *She* could; but they lost none of their solemnity or reality by it. She was so perfectly natural, and one always felt through everything her profound faith and hope;—the 'patience of hope.' Dear, dear Dora! the world is poorer without her, but the other world is richer. One thing used to strike us about her very forcibly, and that was the interest she felt in all sorts of people. Sometimes we thought of some not very interesting persons, 'Oh, what a pity Dora should be talking to so and so, they will only bore her.' *Not at all;* the chances were she told you what a very pleasant talk she had had, and had found out some virtue or interesting side to their character that had never struck us. She had the rare power of drawing out the best in people, partly no doubt from her love of talk, and singular gift in that way; and partly because of her own loving, gentle spirit, ready to enroll all she met among her friends. How amused she was with an old servant who was making an unsatisfactory marriage,—unsatisfactory to Dora,—who did not wish to lose her,—and apparently also without much inducement otherwise; for when remonstrated with, she said, 'Well, ma'am, you see even a *bad* husband's a *kind of shelter.*' I only mention this story of the bad husband, because Dora enjoyed it so much at the time, and often quoted it."

CHAPTER XVI.

Prose Works.

IT will be convenient to notice Miss Greenwell's Prose Works somewhat according to the order in which they were published. The larger portion of them are connected with the Durham period. There are two little books which stand first in order of time:—"The Patience of Hope" and "A Present Heaven." I have always felt that "The Patience of Hope" contributed very largely to secure the intense and devoted admiration which came to be cherished for her writings by a large number of thoughtful persons. I know that some of her works, in respect of their literary and intellectual merits, have a larger share of general favour; but I retain the old affection for this charming little book. It is spiritual and suggestive; and in the only true sense, original. In the wide and often barren wilderness of popular religious literature, it supplied a pleasant green spot shaded from the fierce heats of garish day, and sheltered from the stormy blasts

of cold wintry nights. The book is divided into three parts; without any separate titles. It is Christian to the very core. Christian life is touched at its most delicate points; and the writer is felt, instantly, to be a skilled physician who knows the most peculiar weaknesses and the most dire and acute necessities of human nature. We are reminded of many great Christian writers, and yet this one has a manner which is all her own. It is frequently invested with the mystic charm of Jacob Behmen; it has the devoutness of Baxter; the pungent vivacity of Thomas Fuller, as well as much of his apothegmatic charm of expression; not a little of the sparkling felicity of Jeremy Taylor; the simplicity of Bunyan; and the exquisite sublimity of Pascal.

The book includes many of those striking allusions to Scripture, and flashings of new light upon dark places within the sacred volume, which was a well-known characteristic of Miss Greenwell's manner. I take pleasure in saying, that a large number of scriptural passages came to me with an altogether unsuspected and beautiful meaning, after I found them in these pages. As I hold it in my hand to-day, after knowing it for more than a score of years, I find it just as precious as ever.

As far back as in the year 1862, the famous American booksellers, Messrs. Ticknor and Fields of Boston, published "The Patience of Hope," with an introduction from the pen of Mr. Whittier, the

renowned Quaker poet. It passed through several editions in the United States.

After mentioning, in his beautiful introduction, some of those names and volumes endeared to the common heart of Christendom—not because our reason altogether assents to them, but because of "a certain sweetness and savour of life" contained in them,—Mr. Whittier says, that "with these legacies of devout souls" it seemed to him that this little volume was not wholly unworthy of a place. The works mentioned by Mr. Whittier, are those of Thomas à Kempis, Augustine, Fenelon, John Woolman, and Tauler. His words concerning "The Patience of Hope" are so valuable, that the following at least must be quoted:—"It assumes the life and power of the Gospel as a matter of actual experience; it bears unmistakable evidence of a realization, on the part of its author, of the truth, that Christianity is not simply historical and traditional, but present and permanent, with its roots in the infinite past and its branches in the infinite future, the eternal spring and growth of Divine love; not the dying echo of words uttered centuries ago, never to be repeated, but God's good tidings spoken afresh in every soul, the perennial fountain and unstinted outflow of wisdom and goodness, for ever old and for ever new. It is a lofty plea for patience, trust, hope, and holy confidence, under the shadow, as well as in the light, of Christian experience, whether

the cloud seems to rest on the tabernacle, or moves guidingly forward. It is perhaps too exclusively addressed to those who minister in the inner sanctuary, to be entirely intelligible to the vaster number who wait in the outer courts; it overlooks, perhaps, too much the solidarity and oneness of humanity; but all who read it will feel its earnestness, and confess to the singular beauty of its style, the strong, steady march of its argument, and the wide and varied learning which illustrates it."

Mr. Whittier mentions certain points of probable divergence between reader and writer in some pages of this book; and indicates more particularly his own doubtful pause and hesitancy over some portions of it. He adds, however, that it is impossible for him to make one to whom he is so deeply indebted an offender for a word, or a scriptural rendering. Referring to a possible objection suggested by a friend, that the tendency of this book is to isolate the individual from his race, to nourish an exclusive and purely selfish personal solicitude, "on the ground that its piety is self-absorbent, and that it does not take sufficiently into account active duties and charities, and the love of the neighbour so strikingly illustrated by the Divine Master in His life and teachings,"—Mr. Whittier fitly quotes a remark of the late Isaac Taylor's, "the more piety, the more compassion." Benevolence, and far-reaching sympathies can, as he says,

have nothing to fear from a plea for personal holiness and its various adjuncts. He instances the cases of Tauler in mediæval times, and Woolman in more modern days, who were amongst the most earnest teachers of the inward life and spiritual nature of Christianity, but yet were both distinguished for practical benevolence.

The "Present Heaven," which was also issued under another title, the "Covenant of Life and Peace," has many strong resemblances to "The Patience of Hope"; but it has never attained the same height of popularity. It presents a very lofty and spiritual view of the Gospel, and sheds great light upon the New Covenant revealed therein. It is fully worthy of the keen spiritual insight and subtle religious sensibilities of the writer.

"Two Friends" was published in 1862, and was dedicated to the author's "attached friend," Mr. Thomas Constable. It was published by Mr. Alexander Strahan, who had then removed from Edinburgh to London. This book has generally been admired as a very characteristic specimen of the writer's genius. Unless one has a clue to its meaning and teaching, some perplexity will perhaps often be felt. It is a parable of the Christian life. Many have been charmed with it in the belief that it tells an actual story; fiction with a basis of fact—to adopt a common expression. Many attempts have been made to identify the places, persons, and

scenes. An identification, in part, is quite possible; but there will be provoking disappointments if too much is expected from this attempt. We have seen, in an earlier part of these memoirs, that there is a vivid description of the natural scenery of Dora's childhood. Much of a similar kind will be found in the book by those who were acquainted with her life and its surroundings and associations; but such descriptions and allusions are more or less used as the parabolic representation of thoughts and feelings which lie beneath them. The first beautiful picture, for instance, of the quiet hills, green pastures, and still waters, is but a parabolic vision of the life of simplicity which speedily merges in the life of thought. When the young wanderer, "after a long breathing pause," again pressed onward, and came upon the ruins of an ancient temple, with bright trailing weeds creeping up its broken pillars, we are shown a life devoted to literature and art. As the wanderings continue, and she draws gradually nearer to some huge masses of rock, scored all over with Runic characters, and mystic traceries, we perceive there is an attraction to history. Turning from this "perplexing lore," she seeks out the "broad, loving secret of the universe," and attempts to decipher its clear story lying before her "in the original handwriting of God." She flings herself on Nature's broad bosom for comfort, but its coldness stings her like a thorn. She awakens ultimately to

a sense of unity, and is told that she is not alone, but part of a whole in which she would find all things. One day she "turned aside to track the course of a little brawling stream that fell into the river": she longed to be taken with it to its birth-place. "It was autumn, one of those days that are sweeter, kinder than the spring." The wind blew strong, yet softly. It never brought such a message to her before. "A hand seemed to guide that rushing wind; it fell upon my cheek, my forehead, like a blessing, warm from some heart of more than human tenderness. Then my own mind stirred and fluttered beneath that brooding warmth, and from its very depths two words went up, 'Our Father'; and I knew that I had found the long-sought key the pure primæval language. This then was what I sought, what I needed; a Father Who was a Spirit; the Father of spirits, and of men."

This, and much more of a similar kind, is to be found in the pages of the beautiful book. In the autumn, Philip, the friend, is first met with. He is connected with "that sense of rest and fulfilment, 'the joy of harvest,' which only autumn brings." Philip, like herself, had been "seeking goodly pearls"; and now they help one another in the quest. They talk together of all things that concern life, and Christianity, and truth in general. Philip was unto her as a friend; yea, "even more than a friend; for the benefactors of the heart are many,

but its chosen, dear companions are few; and sooner can it part with its friends than with its companions, they who walk with us along life's daily, familiar path, and redeem it from its weariness and poverty, who smooth and steady for us Time's unequal current, till its flow becomes that of a swift river, with gold hidden beneath its noiseless stream." The book is a delightful one; rich in Christian experience, and full of wise suggestions and beautiful sentiments.

"Lacordaire" has been held by many to be Miss Greenwell's principal prose work. In one or two respects, this may be granted. Her letters indicate that she felt an intense interest in the subject. In addition to the passages which may already have been identified by the reader, I find much in her correspondence with Professor Knight, which afterwards formed a portion of "Lacordaire." It is evident that she was in part fascinated, and in part repelled by her theme. It must have been apparent to all who enjoyed her intercourse, that many of the doctrines of the Roman Church ministered to the necessities of her religious nature; but not the less evident was it, that she detested many of the sentiments, and much of the policy by which Romanism has been marked through nearly all its history. Wrong in every form and degree, whether done by civil or ecclesiastical persons, never escaped her indignation. Indeed, she used the lash upon the

priest, who mistook or neglected his vocation, with all the power of her most religious zeal.

Lacordaire fascinated her on many sides of his personality and character. He was intense, spiritual, courageous, enthusiastic. She no doubt understood him well. She sympathized with his difficulties and with his zeal. In considering the life of this remarkable man, she was able to look at certain mysterious and impressive aspects of life in general, which would be sure to kindle the richest sympathies of her nature. His very weaknesses had an inexpressible interest for her.

That she has written a vivid and striking account of this great man's career, and that she has delineated his character with the skill that is born of pure genius, must have been felt by all who have read the book. She is at her best when she deals with Lacordaire's "Life of St. Dominic." She says that that book affects the mind with a sense of painful sadness. She is annoyed that Lacordaire does not deal firmly and righteously with the founder of the Order to which he belonged. "We miss," she says, "in the pages of the 'Life,' that firm explicit condemnation, not only of the deeds of the Inquisition, but of its principles, which would naturally have sprung from so true a heart as his, at the contemplation of an institution which seems to have turned the civil virtues, in which he so greatly delighted, into crimes, and to have rendered good

citizenship an impossibility. What would he have said, in his own days, to decrees which, under the holiest names and most awful sanctions, called forth the worst passions of our fallen nature,—which allowed no man to trust his brother, no parent his child, which set a premium on delation and treachery, and hardened the general human heart, by the continual spectacle of public atrocities, to say nothing of the unspeakable tortures of that prison-house, the secrets of which few would dare even to look into? For these things, Lacordaire has no word of comment; and his book, though carefully and exquisitely written, leaves the heart cold. Of Dominic himself, when divested of the after-splendour cast about him by his Order, we seem to learn little, and not to desire to know more. We read of his prayers, his tears, his miracles, his *love*, but we read under a continual protest; the intellect refuses him as a teacher; the spirit rejects him as a friend; the heart turns from the fierce sword-glare of his consuming zeal, to seek the fire which its Lord came to kindle upon earth,—a fire which 'comforts and does not burn.'"

The book is, in many respects, a model biography. It is thoroughly just, deeply sympathetic, and marked by brilliant ability, and must ever remain as a clear token of Miss Greenwell's capacity for dealing with the lights and shadows of a commanding human character. It is remarkable, seeing that

Miss Greenwell's other works are specifically different from her "Essays,"—that the volume bearing this title, issued in 1867, should have been esteemed by so many as her chief book. There are certain qualities in it, which probably lay hold more easily of the class of mind which is not specially metaphysical or imaginative. It has a simple directness and plain method of dealing with subjects, set off considerably by the keen humour with which she was so richly endowed. There may probably be more of what some literary critics would call "style" in these essays than in her meditative and reflective works; and the style is a very rich and brilliant one.

This is apparent in the first essay, on "Our Single Women," which appeared in the *North British Review* for February, 1862. With what simple skill she depicts, on the second page, "the gentle, dove-like Old Maid of modern fiction, of smooth, braided, silvery hair, and soft speech and eye, generally, it may be remarked, dressed in grey, who is supposed to have some tender secret buried in her heart, some letter or lock of hair shut within a secret drawer, but who, ever serene and cheerful, flits in and out between the scenes, listening, consoling, cheering, at all times ready to take up a little of existence at second-hand." With what characteristic faculty for seeing the other side of a matter, and telling what she saw in a very startling way, does

she add the words which follow; contrasting the amiable Old Maid of modern days with the "traditionary type" and withered prude of former times. "Good books can sometimes awaken very wicked thoughts! It has sometimes occurred to us, that such intense application to amiability, such persevering interest in everything that has to do with every other person, must be very hard-worked; that single women, on the whole, have done nothing to merit such a destiny, and that there might be safety, if of an ignominious kind, in falling back upon old-fashioned crustiness and angularity." The whole essay is a noble appeal on behalf of single women, such an one as never was made before.

The essay on "Popular Religious Literature" was inserted in the *North British Review* three years earlier. It is a scathing piece of work. She takes notice of the great hold which religious literature had gained upon the less educated portion of the community, and regarded it as "the revelation of a deep and true devotional instinct. Man loves his home, and loves to hear about the way to it, the path which the vulture's eye hath not known." She candidly and generously acknowledges that books of the popular religious class must not be measured by the canons of ordinary criticism. These books are written for an object, and for a certain class of people; the only question to be asked is, "Do they hit or miss their mark?" It

would be easy, for instance, within the range of lyric narrative, to find a poem which, considered as a poem, surpasses Mrs. Sewell's popular ballad—"Mother's Last Words"; hard to find one so completely answering the end for which it was written, so fraught with the secret of true pathos,—that which grows out of the very nature of the things it deals with, the pathos that is entangled and involved in life, the sadness of the streets, that comes across us in the cracked tones of the ballad-singer, in "the bare feet of the forsaken child." She therefore recognizes that popular religious literature has its true province, its lowly, its enduring triumphs. She pays a deserving tribute to some of the estimable men who rendered so much service to the cause of religion in days gone by, as for instance, Legh Richmond, and the Rev. C. B. Tayler. Concerning the latter, she writes—"To turn from the ordinary range of religious tracts to one of his, is like meeting with a living flower in a *hortus siccus*, or seeing the handwriting of a beloved friend greet us from among a bundle of circulars." She is righteously indignant with such books as "Heaven our Home," and "Our Companions in Glory." A few other works are gently rebuked, and as a rule with good reason.

"Colloquia Crucis," a sequel to "Two Friends," was published by Strahan and Co. in 1871. It is not wonderful that many thoughtful persons found this

book a revelation to their spirits. I have no hesitation in expressing a conviction, that "The Patience of Hope," the "Two Friends," and "Colloquia Crucis," form together Miss Greenwell's most characteristic claim to be remembered in respect of her prose works. There is fine evidence of ability, which often becomes unquestionable genius, in "Lacordaire" and the "Essays";—but the very qualities which give to them so much interest with many people, are qualities which would often be described as "brilliant," "clever," "smart," and "effective": qualities, that is, which more or less concern the literary style and character of the writing.

The "Colloquia" opens with a beautiful passage which introduces us instantly to scenes and thoughts with which we cannot help being enchanted. I must transfer the passage to these pages. "The summer was over, the glorious summer of 186—, a summer like none that had gone before, or that would follow after it,—the very revel of nature, when she seemed to reach a fulness, at which, in ordinary seasons, she can only aim. In that summer's long warmth and radiance, there had been nothing scant or niggard,—none of that chill reluctance so native to our variable climate, which implies that to-morrow may hesitate to confirm the blessing to-day has brought us. Day after day, week after week, followed on in clear unbroken

splendour, till the earth was steeped in blessedness, and a sense of wonder and expectancy stole across the spirit, as if some still enchanted region were about to open upon it suddenly, and the soul would quickly break into some yet unvisited region of supersensual, yet actual joy. I felt as one, who, sleeping with open windows near some swift-rushing and narrow stream, wakens up in the warm dusk gloom of the summer midnight to hear the nightingales singing in the woods on its hither shore."

She soon drops into her remarkably apposite scriptural allusions; as when, referring to the fruitful and abundant season which that glorious summer brought, she remarks, "One could not but recall the deep prophetic saying, 'Behold, the sower shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seeds.'" Philip, she says, was still as in the times of old, Truth's free, fearless lover; but he seemed now to "take in a far wider horizon,—*to see more both of earth and heaven;* especially in all that regards man's relation with the Divine." Her own soul was at last free. "High and clear above earth's distracting murmur, like the deep swaying of a distant bell, had fallen a note that had called to me from out of the very heart of God." The mighty Cross had come into the foreground of her very existence; "the Cross which had brought God nearer had made man more dear." And we are shown, in a very marvellous way, the

reconciling and all-comprehending power of that Cross. It is impossible for me to withhold the opinion, that this absorbing and delightful book is at once her greatest and her best. It is enough of itself to make good her claim to everlasting remembrance.

"Liber Humanitatis," published as recently as 1875, by Daldy, Isbister, and Co., comprises a series of essays on "various aspects of spiritual and social life." Contrary to her usual custom, Miss Greenwell inserts a preface in this volume; in which, while apologizing for the deficiency of these essays in completeness and symmetry of literary arrangement, she states what her endeavour was in writing them. It was "to bring forward, under various aspects, her own profound conviction, that it does not become man to put asunder those that God has joined together; that things which we are accustomed to place in separation, almost in antagonism, as material or as spiritual, are linked in an inherent unity, and that their connection, which we are as yet unable to trace out clearly, is close, organic, vital, and inter-depending." The subjects of which she treats in these essays are quite in keeping with the general bias of her mind:—philosophical, psychological, and even physiological. She often talked upon these themes; and started questions of profound subtilty and depth.

The first paper in the volume, treats of "The

Dignity of the Human Body," and is founded upon an essay of Mr. Goodsir's so entitled. She is also often on the track of Dr. Maudsley, in some of his psychological studies. "The Relation between Natural and Supernatural Life" is exactly in her line. What sentences one meets with now and then! brimful of meaning and suggestiveness: as for instance, "The animal world needs no God, neither does it make to itself idols. In the history of man there is nothing so wonderful as his faithfulness to the idea of God." "Man can do without many things, but there are two which, in the present warm meridian of his collective existence, he will certainly not forego, whatever else he may acquire, whatever else dispense with. These two are the hope of a future life, the realization of a present eternal God."

We have an essay also on "The Comparative Freedom of the Will," and one on "Utilitarianism considered on some of its Weaker Points," with reference to Mr. Mill's essay so entitled. The other essays are less psychological; but I must not omit to mention for the benefit of those who have not seen the "Liber," that the final essay deals, in the form of three letters to a friend, with the inquiry—"Is Romanism a Corruption of Christianity, or is it its Natural Development?"

In 1871 Miss Greenwell wrote a very brief account of John Woolman the Quaker, dedicating

the tiny book to Mr. Whittier. As it was published by Mr. F. B. Kitto, of Bishopsgate Street, and concerned a very notable member of the Society of Friends, these incidents seemed to suggest the hint that Dora was herself a Friend. The book rendered good service in making known to many persons the life and character of a very notable and excellent man.

"A Basket of Summer Fruit" contains some brief religious papers of a very fragmentary character, yet revealing, now and again, much of her former vigour and splendour.

CHAPTER XVII.

Poetry of the Later Years.

THE last volume of poems to which we referred was published by Mr. Pickering in 1850. The next volume, issued by "Alexander Strahan and Co., Edinburgh," has the date of 1861. At the end of this volume, occupying sixty pages, we find some of the "Earlier Poems." In 1867, the same Publishers brought out a new volume, with the early poems left out and some fresh ones added. This later volume bears on its title-page the well-known device, which so significantly symbolizes Miss Greenwell's faith,—a hand grasping a cross, with the words *Et Teneo et Teneor*. This volume is "Dedicated to the Memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning"; with two lines added from Schiller's "Don Carlos":—

> "If I despair of being like to Thee,
> I, for such likeness, give Thee boundless love."

Both the volumes commence with the poem "Christina," which was written in 1851. It is fit to have

its place there. None who knew the writer will fail to catch the strange suggestions which it contains of the deep passionate sympathies and affections which always had a home in her heart. It is full of the sweetest and most gracious elements of the gospel of Heavenly love. A dying woman tells to a priest the tale of her rescue from paths of sin, and shame, and sorrow, by the sympathy of one who had been her playmate in childhood. The opening words of the poem are indicative of its pervading spirit :—

> " Father, when I am in my grave, kind Father,
> Take thou this cross,—I had it from a girl,—
> Take it to one that I will tell thee of,—
> Unto Christina.
> I may not part with it while I have life ;
> I kept it by me, treasured it through years
> Of evil, when I dared not look upon it ;
> But of the love and reconciling mercy
> Whereof it is a token, now it speaks.
> Sore bitten by the fiery flying serpent,
> Yet have I strength to raise my languid eyes,
> And fix them on that Sign, for sin uplift
> Within the wilderness, and there my gaze—
> My straining gaze—will fasten to the last,
> Death-glazed, upon it. Oh ! may then my soul
> Be drawn up after it unperishing ! "

There is something in this poem, which—though the subject is so unlike—reminds us of the rhythm, the tender music, and often of the perfect form and expression of Tennyson. It is tenderly and beauti-

fully simple as his "Dora"; and as exquisitely perfect in some of its lines as those with which we meet so often in the "Idylls of the King." For instance, as when the teller of the story says,—

> "I was poor
> In all but beauty, and an innocence
> That was not virtue—failing in the trial."

Or where she describes herself and Christina going from the grave-yard to the church, Christina following on her "rapid steps,"

> "Like an unquestioning child, as if my will
> Had power to draw her, till within the door
> Of the great Minster passing, in the aisle's
> Dim light we stood, together and alone."

We could quote passages which are in our judgment of surpassing beauty, not only from this but from many other poems in the volume, but the design of the present chapter does not involve many lengthy quotations.

A sad sweet poem is "The Kiss." A kiss was brought from one who was dying—indeed had died —to a beloved one between whom and the departed there had evidently existed some sad barriers.

> "The mouth was well-nigh cold
> I took it from, yet hath it power to bless:
> The lips that sent it never moved of old
> Except in tenderness;
> And ere they ceased to stir

They trembled, as if then they strove to frame
A word,—the only one 'twixt heaven and her,—
Methought it was thy name.
They wore unto the last
A calm, sad, twilight smile, from patience won;
Her face had light on it that was not cast
From joy's long-sunken sun."

That Miss Greenwell was familiar with the depths of human suffering, her poetry everywhere shows. This is clearly evident from such poems as "The Soul's Parting," "Reconciliation," "Gone," and "Haunted Ground." There is more enchanting tenderness and haunting pathos in many of these poems than in some verses which have gained a large place in popular favour. The "Valentines and Songs" introduce us to a number of short poems, which are singularly representative of certain tendencies of the writer's fancy. Dora could not have lived without taking the relief which is always afforded by letting the heart utter forth its occasional moods and experiences in song. Not more completely did the Spanish Gipsy give expression to the wild revelry of her nature in the dance which her lover's eyes beheld, than did Dora vent her heart in such little poems as these. Who of her friends does not remember the four stanzas founded upon a motto of which she was very fond—"*Qui sait aimer, sait mourir*"? Such a poem as this is like a clear pane in a window, through which, on a summer day, we glance into a room and at a

friend we love. He who reads these lines truly, sees into the heart of the poet out of which they came.

At the end of these "Valentines and Songs," there stands in the edition of 1867, a very brief poem entitled "Home," which, we know, was a favourite of its author's. It deserves, and we are sure will have, a lasting place among the brief but matchless effusions of genius which touch on home and its purest joys. Miss Greenwell deserves an immortal memory if only as the writer of this one poem.

HOME.

"Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two spirits in one fair
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win.
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in."

A little further on, we come to another short poem, which appeared first of all in the "Patience of Hope." It is entitled "Life Tapestry." We once heard it quoted in a beautiful sermon by one of the most impressive and useful preachers of a former generation. It is a very striking and suggestive poem.

LIFE TAPESTRY.

"Too long have I, methought, with tearful eye
Pored o'er this tangled work of mine, and mused
Above each stitch awry, and thread confused;
Now will I think on what in years gone by
I heard of them that weave rare tapestry
At Royal looms, and how they constant use
To work on the rough side, and still peruse
The pictured pattern set above them high:
So will I set MY COPY high above,
And gaze and gaze till on my spirit grows
Its gracious impress; till some line of love
Transferred upon my canvas, faintly glows;
Nor look too much on warp or woof, provide
He whom I work for sees their fairer side!"

Amongst a number of poems classed under the general heading of "Liber Veritatis," we come upon those known as "Old Letters." Who, of her devoted readers, has not paused again and again over those perfect and impressive lines—

"We do but guess
At one another darkly 'mid the stir
That thickens round us; in this life of ours
We are like players, knowing not the powers
Nor compass of the instruments we vex,
And by our rash, unskilful touch, perplex
To straining discord, needing still the key
To seek, and all our being heedfully
To tune to one another's."

In this connection also, we meet with that lovely poem beginning "We broke no piece of gold"; but we must not quote again, though strongly tempted to

do so. We can only pause over three or four lines, towards the close of this same section;—

"They parted, yet they love;
And shall these spirits in an air serene,
Where nought can shadow, nought can come between,
Meet once again, and to the other grow
More close and sure than could have been below?"

How exquisitely she expresses, sometimes, a world-full of true thought and pure illuminating feeling, in a line or two, as when she writes—

"It was not Heaven, because we were not glad;
It was not earth, no future made us sad."

Those who have known what it is to bend with unutterable grief over "all that is mortal" of their dearest ones, will find nearly every thought and feeling uttered for them in the wonderful poem "To a Departed Spirit." This poem expresses the keen and fervid interest felt in the beloved departed. It may be commended to all who have felt the oppressive sorrow of missing a dear fellow-pilgrim from their side. The subject of prayer for the dead is beautifully included in the final lines; as well as the prayer of the departed for those who remain behind.

"Now that thy feet upon the hither side
Stand firm, I charge thee, Friend, by all below
That knit our souls in one, that thou dost take
This music from my lips, for thou canst frame
Its flow more fitly; only change thy name

Belov'd, for mine. I lay on thee this task,
Entreat for me ! for thou hast drawn more near
God's gracious heart, and closer to His ear,—
Nay ! thou dost pray for me, I need not ask ! ''

The first poem in the Second Part of "Liber Veritatis,"—"The Reconciler,"—is one of those philosophical and religious outflowings of her mind in which she greatly delighted, and excelled. She sings of the way in which Christ is the great Reconciler, quoting, with her accustomed appositeness, the words from the Revelation of St. John—"And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon. And one of the elders saith unto me, 'Weep not: behold the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book.'" The following lines reveal her sense of the depth and tenderness of religion. The reconciling Christ is thus addressed :—

"The stricken heart, bereft
Of all its brood of singing hopes, and left
'Mid leafless boughs a cold forsaken nest
With snowflakes in it, folded in Thy breast
Doth lose its deadly chill ; and grief that creeps
Unto Thy side for shelter, finding there
The wound's deep cleft, forgets its moan and weeps
Calm quiet tears, and on Thy forehead Care
Hath looked, until its thorns, no longer bare,
Put forth pale roses. Pain on Thee doth press
Its quivering cheek, and all the weariness,

The want that keep their silence, till from Thee
They hear the gracious summons, none beside
Hath spoken to the world-worn, 'Come to Me,'
Tell forth their heavy secrets."

A line or two further on,—with that keen perception of not only the contradictions but the harmonies of things, she touches upon the way in which our Lord reconciles both sorrow and joy in Himself:—

"Oh Saviour, tears were weighed
To Thee in plenteous measure! none hath shown
That Thou didst smile! yet hast Thou surely made
All joy of ours Thine own."

Beautiful are the poems which follow this. Those called "The Question," "Forsaken," "In Sadness," and "Pax in Novissimo." Over this last poem, Dora wrote—in a copy of the volume which I have seen—"My own favourite poem." "A Meditation" is a beautiful poetical reverie, which is especially precious to those whose hearts are drawn into communings with the departed. By such persons it will always be read with intense enjoyment.

In a letter written from Durham to Miss Christina Rossetti, at midsummer time of some year previous to 1869, Miss Greenwell says,—"I began a series of poems in the winter—'Carmina in viâ Crucis'—of an inwardly historical character, connected, though the thread may not be always apparent." The

volume was published, with the title "Carmina Crucis," by Bell and Daldy. I find, in a copy of this book which has all the poems dated by her own hand, that these dates range from 1861 to 1869. The "Envoi" bears the date 1865; while the first poem, "The Garden of Proserpine," is dated 1869. These Songs of the Cross showed Miss Greenwell's readers that she had entered a region of mystical poetry which taxed to the utmost their powers of adequate appreciation. I was accustomed to speak of her as "the last of the mystics." This book, more than any among the publications of these years, suggested, probably, this reference to the mystical qualities of her fancy. It might seem to some critics, and persons who had no knowledge of her "manner of life," that she was not only a mystic but an ascetic. This would, however, be an utter mistake. Mystical she was, undoubtedly; but she had too much human nature, and relished and sympathized with human joys too fully, ever to have set up any claim to asceticism. She shows by the help of the poetical forms which she uses in this book, how human spirits "struggle with the sorrows and doubts incidental to our nature, and find rest in the deeds, the teaching, and the promises of a Redeemer." "The Garden of Proserpine" is a beautiful little poem, which, with sweet imagery, suggests the presence of grief in the scenes which are depicted with perfect skill.

"No roses, white nor red,
Glow here, the poppy's head
Droops drown'd in spells that keep
The keys of death and sleep,
Of anguish, ecstasy, and wild desire."

She evidently intends to show that nature and life have grief and pain at their hearts. "The Aloe," which is the next poem, sets forth a picture of a long shut-in life, "shut in from sunshine and sweet air as in a tomb," very slow to bloom, but having at last "a moment's triumph"; then "destroying the parent plant by its rapid exhausting growth." "A Morning in Spring" opens with delicious joyousness:—

"The skies above were clear,
The kiss without the tear
They gave that morn; they loved and did not grieve.
* * * * *
Odour, and light, and bloom upon the air
Strove which might tell its happy story best."

This is but a veil drawn over the "pale worn face" of a nature which is sad at heart: there is a deep wound beneath that "vesture's broider'd fold." "The Playfellows," written the year before, tells of a game enjoyed in a "deep valley shut from rougher weather," in which the writer had a game with Love, Hope, and Joy.

"Far away and long ago,
Long ago and far away."

Hope and Joy hid themselves away so that the

poet and Love, who sought them eagerly and long, could not find them ; and only heard

> "A sound of hidden laughter
> From the wood's deep heart, and after
> Came a sound of secret sighing."

Love and the poet soon learnt that they had seen the last of Hope and Joy, and they play there no more in summer weather. The grief and the disappointment of life thus more and more reveal themselves. In a very beautiful poem, entitled "A Remembrance," we have a picture of an ancient room in the spring twilight, while a sunset gloom pervades it, and peace seems to reign on all within and without. One is singing there, and pain

> "Made sweet the singer's voice, made sweet the strain
> She sang, and in the listener's heart was pain ;
> What art thou, Life ? methinks thou leavest room
> For the sweet bird to sing, the flower to bloom,
> And canst not give the heart its little hour
> To spread in sweeter song, in fairer flower ;
> Oh ! thou art bitter, Life ! within thy strong
> Rude grasp the birthright crushing, let this wrong
> Suffice thee ! now relenting, let thy cold
> Reluctant hand one little boon unfold ;
> Take not the blessing also ! give the breast
> One little sunset hour of peace and rest ;
> *Canst thou not give one hour ?* The day is past,
> The summer's golden noon was overcast ;
> The day is past, the night draws on : oh ! night !
> Be thou more warm, more kind, than was the light ! "

"A Life Requiem" utters with sweet cadences of

mournfulness the story of a life "that had no friends but God and death." "A Thought at Midnight" is a passionate but pensive interlude in this "history," as we have heard Miss Greenwell call it. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting it.

"Oh! that some soul o'erweigh'd
With love and pity, as a flower with dew,
For me at this still moment wept and pray'd,
And pray'd for me alone! that leaning through
My casement, now to mine a spirit drew
So close it scarce could hear
My secret, nor my tear
Could feel, nor mark my breast
That flutter'd in unrest,
Till, like two drops that roll
Within each other on the shaken leaf,
Absorbed and sunk within the tender soul
Of pity, pass'd the shrinking soul of grief!"

"November" is an autumn wail in the "time of sweeping rains, of bitter grief," when "the dews are thick on earth and like the fallen leaf." "Desdichado" points out, with singular power and beauty, that the heaviest burden of human grief lies not upon the hearts of those who mourn their dead or their sins, but upon those who find not at the centre of the universe a loving Father, but "in place of love, a dull unsleeping hate." The real atheist is the saddest of all beings.

In the fine prose poem—"Oh, amiable, lovely Death!" she drops the ordinary vehicle of poetic expression, but the poetry is still present with an

aroma like that of sweetest flowers upon which the dew rests when the sun greets the world in the morning. We are content to let her claims to be hailed as a poet rest upon this fine burst out of her inmost heart. Its final stanza utters in one bitter wail the burden of the grief:—"The life that was formed for love and joy is blighted, and the heart of man wanders and hath not found its home."

The second part of this remarkable book has for the motto of its frontispiece, (an exquisite little drawing by Mr. Leslie, R.A.,) the words of St. Paul, which at once show the ground she is going to take, —"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." That which life and nature could never give, she finds in the mystery of the Cross and Passion. This indeed is the great purpose of the poem. All her best writings involve the same purpose. It was the passionate faith of her whole nature. She had undoubtedly a mind which had strong tendencies towards doubts that concerned the very heart of things; and she was only saved from surrendering herself to their control by grasping with a firm hold the central verity of Redemption. While she clung to that Cross, and that Cross sustained the clinging grasp, all was well. It was from no mere æsthetic fancy, but from a deep Christian sentiment, that she chose her symbol and device—*Et Teneo, et Teneor.*

Nothing can be sweeter, in any sense, than the "Envoi" of this second part :—

"My root of life is in Thy grave,
This flower that blooms above
I have no care to keep or save,
Its hues are dim, its stay is brief,
I know not if its name be grief,
Oh ! let it pass for Love.
Oh ! let it pass for Love, dear Lord,
And lift it from Thy tomb,
A little while upon Thy breast
To yield its scent and bloom ;
In life, in dying to be blest
It needs but little room ! "

A gentle "Pastoral" follows next, in which a shepherd sings his song until one day, lying beneath the "beechen shade," he heard from afar the sound of "a flute's clear note," and at its close a song, "so sword-like sweet, it seem'd to cleave the thin warm air." That song told of One that loved, and One that died :—

"It told of rude disgrace,
And of an anguish'd face
It told, methought ; and of a wounded Friend.
Of pain it told, and shame ;
Of love that overcame
Through simple skill of loving to the end."

That one and only song the shepherd yearns to be taught. In "Quis Separabit ?" we are brought to the Cross around which the weary arms clasp themselves as close as despair can make them clasp. Soul

and heart are fastened there, and nothing can separate them from it. Life grows green, fastened to that root. Love's battle is won here; its warfare ended; and its ransom told. "Here is woe assuaged for ever"; and by that Cross she resolves to abide.

> "The Cross is strength, the solemn Cross is gain,
> The Cross is Jesu's breast;
> Here giveth He the rest
> That to His best belov'd doth still remain."

In the third part there are some precious poems which sing of the experiences which happen to the soul that has found its resting-place at the Cross. They are rich in the deepest thoughts, yearnings, and joys of Christian life.

All these things might have been said by some perhaps in the way of logical propositions, and linked arguments long drawn out. Miss Greenwell possessed all the intellectual power and skill which would have enabled her to do this; but she was essentially a poet, and it was her choice and habit to utter her thoughts in song. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

Two small volumes, published respectively in 1873 and 1876, deserve brief mention in this chapter—"The Soul's Legend," and "Camera Obscura." The former contains some poems, very much after the style of those in the "Carmina." That on "The Red-Breast," is especially beautiful, full of deep thoughts and sentiments; as are also

the two poems under the one title of "A Prayer," founded upon St. Vincent de Paul's habit of offering up an especial prayer at the close of his usual petitions, for the benefit of the soul in purgatory "that was the most forgotten one among all there." "Camera Obscura," dedicated to her friend, Mary Elizabeth McChesney, has some poems in it of great breadth and vigour; as, for instance, the very first in the little volume,—"The Song of Islâm." To hear her read a poem of this kind was a delight never to be forgotten. "The Wren" is quite in the way of her imaginative conceits. "The Blade of Grass" is one of the same kind; which, with its scriptural motto, is a little burst of true poetic feeling. "Bring me word how tall she is," cannot be mentioned without a memory of the vivid impression which its first reading made upon me; and "The Battle Flag of Sigurd," (mentioned in a former chapter,) as well as "The Song of Roland," are choice examples and illustrations of her sweetness and power.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Scattered Poems.

MANY readers of these Memoirs, who saw some of Miss Greenwell's poetical contributions to magazines and newspapers, but who failed to preserve them, will be thankful to recover many of them in this chapter. To some of these short poems she attached great importance. Not a few of them came out of her heart through sympathy with human toil and suffering, or with the wrongs and miseries of the animal world. A few were of the spiritual kind in which she so greatly excelled. She often wrote tender little pieces for simple hearts, in the hope that by these they might be comforted and blessed.

Deeply touched by the sorrows of the Irish in the famine of 1847, she expressed her feelings in a dozen stanzas, a few of which I quote. She thus alludes to the sufferings of the famine-stricken, and the duty of English people towards their fellow-subjects in the "green isle":—

" Within the cotter's humble home
No children are at play ;
No pleasant sound awakens there,
Where all was once so gay !
Enter and see ! they are not dead,
Though powerless they lie ;
Those wan lips slowly move, as if
There was not strength to die.

Are those gaunt bones with hunger worn,
That on each other look,
The limbs that to our fields have borne
The reaper with his hook ?
But now strong men wax pale, and weak,
And feeble as the babe :
When children pine for bread, what rest
For mothers—but the grave !

There is no loud outcry—no curse
From famished lips outwrung—
A patient woe the dying know,
A patient word the tongue !
' This is a grief that Heaven hath sent,
And it is ours to bear ' :
The word is said—the moan is made—
Thy voice is hush'd—despair !

It is the Lord ! and Thou hast done
That which seemed good to Thee :
Oh ! hast Thou stricken for our sins
Our Sister,—fair to see ?
Hath SHE been humbled for our sakes ?
Thou hast beheld our pride !
How shall we come within Thy courts,
And turn Thy wrath aside ?

Yet holy oracles have told
The past which God decrees,

The sweet, accepted sacrifice,
That may our Maker please,—
It is to cheer the sinking soul,
To give the hungry bread,
To stand, like One of old, between
The living and the dead!

* * * *

Give then, in faith, of that ye have—
Give freely, as ye may,
The smallest gift may hold awhile
The hunger-wolf at bay!
It may save the tender mother,
The father it may save,
And the child may grow to be a man
Through that small gift ye gave!

* * * *

God will arise! all evil things
Before His arm shall flee,
Once more with purer ray shall smile
Our green gem of the sea!
He waits His time, and until then
Hath left IT TO OUR LOVE,
To prove unto our fellow-men
They have a Friend above!"

A little poem of only two stanzas, on "The Flaming Oar," is full of the courageous sympathy and passionate admiration for true devotion and bravery, which she always cherished when anything called these qualities into play. The poem is prefixed with the following explanation of its suggestion:— "A burning and flaming oar was the device of the French admiral, André de Lavel; it is still to be seen in a suburb of the town of Melun, as a sign of

his fervent and zealous activity for his king and country, more especially by sea, in the government of naval affairs. Underneath it is the motto :—

"POUR UN AULTRE, NON."

"I gird me not for every cause,
I answer not to every call,
I do not wear my heart for daws
To peck, nor weep when sparrows fall.
But when I give, I give my all,
For her my love, for him my friend,
My steel, my gold, my life, I spend;
My sword shall flash, my blood shall flow
For these, BUT FOR ANOTHER, NO!

Show me but cause for quarrel strong,
That arms the right against the wrong,
That bids me battle with the brave,
To crush the tyrant, free the slave,
Then through the wave I winged will fly,
Will cleave with oars the yielding sky,
Will flame through ocean, float through air,
Will all things suffer, do, and dare,
For friend I love, for cause I know,
I fight! BUT FOR AUGHT OTHER, NO!"

At the time when France was crushed by German arms, and lay wounded and bleeding at the feet of her proud conqueror, Miss Greenwell wrote the following stirring lines, which bear the date September 29th, 1870:—

"GRAND CŒUR POUR GRANDE HEURE."

"And is it, then, by fate or chance
Decreed, that as the ages roll
The world shall be without its France,
The body be without its soul?

Yea ! let them spurn thee with their heel,
And plunge within thy heart their steel ;
Be thine all anguish life can feel ;
Their best, their worst, let foemen try,
Beloved France ! thou canst not die !

No ! not though to dust should grind,
And beat thee into fragments small,
And scatter thee unto the wind !
Instinct, each fiery particle
With life, as is the breath of God,
Would kindle into life the clod
Whereon it fell ; and thou be chief
In glory, as thou art in grief !

Arise ! and grapple with thy foes,
Thy foes without, thy foes within ;
And fear not thou to meet and close
In pangs of death ! thy travail throes
Are these ; a purer life to win ;
Shake forth thy Lilies ! let thy Lark
Soar, singing still above thy dark,
Ensanguined fields ; the dawn is nigh ;
Beloved France ! *thou* canst not die ! "

In quite another vein, is a vigorous poem which she wrote some years previously to this, on the " Preston Fancy Ball " ; owing to a statement having appeared in the daily papers, to the effect that the surplus of funds derived from the Guild was *nil* ; and that, consequently, the poor would not benefit in any way by it. It was said that more was spent on the Fancy Ball than had been contributed to the relief of the poor operatives. There are eight stanzas ; I will quote the following :—

"What a pity it was to spend
So much over dresses! and then
The costumes they always send
Are the same things over again,
That we've seen a hundred times.
Brigand, and Turk, and clown,
With the peasants of various climes,
More or less yellow or brown.

If they'd but have consulted me,
Without any trouble or waste,
I'd have got up a Mysterie
In strict Mediæval taste;
A Masque that to royal command,
In Queen Bess's golden days,
Lord Bacon might have plann'd,
And Spenser loved to praise.

It makes me quite dull to reflect
That they've missed in the very next street
Such a first-rate stage effect,
The Dance of Death complete;
Penury, worn and gray,
And Hunger that tells her bones
For beads through the livelong day,
And sleeps at night on the stones.

And Penury need not to fear
That her rags should be too much seen,
With Charity standing so near,
All stiffened with crinoline;
Plenty of whalebone and steel,
Plenty of rustle and spread,
So that Hunger need scarcely fear
The want of a trifle of bread.

And a little further on,
I'd have found them Giant Despair,
Dragging along the man,
And his wife and child by their hair;

And then for a quiet *Tableau*
De Genre, at the very gate,
We have Lazarus sunk in woe,
And Dives dining off plate."

In that same year—the year of the Cotton Famine, the *Times* remarked in its issue of August 22nd upon the different aspects of the manufacturing districts, owing to the little work that was done. "On every side, giant factories, which were the support of thousands, stand mute and motionless, giving no sign of life, save here and there, a streamlet of thin vapour, lost almost as soon as it issues forth, telling of 'half-time,' and wages reduced just short of starvation point." Miss Greenwell tells the story in verse. I quote some of the stanzas:—

"A cloud is lifted from our skies, on many a smoke-wrapt town,
With broad and unaccustomed ray, the summer sun looks down;
A cloud has fallen on our homes; oh, what shall break the gloom
That makes a darkness to be felt in many a humble room?

Oh, who shall count the hearts that grow each hour more full of care;
Oh, who shall count the homes that grow, with every day, more bare!
Five hundred thousand English homes, where children pine unfed,
And fathers' hands can find no work, and mothers' hands no bread!

And are there none among us here who weep, and none who feel
For all our starving brethren bear? And are there none who kneel
To the great Father of us all, and make this fervent prayer,
'Give us this day *our* daily bread; oh, give that we may share!'

And are there none among us here who meet to think and plan
How best to cheer the breaking heart, to save the sinking man,
To save him to his struggling wife, to save him to his child,
To save him to his God, before despair has made him wild!"

Some years later, the revelations which were made concerning the Gang Children, lighted a fire of indignation in Miss Greenwell's soul. She was the friend of the weak and the poor, and she found in the condition of these children something to rouse her whole nature. As usual, she gave vent to her feelings in poetry. My space is limited, and I cannot give the whole poem; but it is difficult to make a selection. Mr. C. S. Read, one of the present members for West Norfolk, in a speech which he delivered at a meeting at the Norfolk Chamber of Commerce, on October 11th, 1867, made some remarks by way of apology and advocacy for the employment of children in agricultural work. These unhappy remarks furnished Miss Greenwell—in addition to other sources of information upon the

subject—with the groundwork of her little poem. I quote from the beginning of the third stanza :—

"Some things perhaps they may miss,
That other children see—
The evening chat, and the kiss,
And the ride on daddy's knee ;
To be tucked in their little beds
By a mother's loving care,
For at night they lay down their heads
And sleep—just anywhere.
Perhaps they have never heard
Of Christ or of God, nor could tell
Who made them ; not a word
Can the children read nor spell ;
Yet they are not dull nor slow
Though they've gone to no village school ;
There's many a thing they know
That is not learnt by rule.
They play at no little games,
But they've learnt the wicked song,
And with each of earth's nameless shames
They've been acquainted long.
They've heard no sweet story told,
By the fire as the shadows fell,
But of evil—new and old—
They can give you the chronicle ;
For they've learnt, and more quickly too,
For oaths, and for jeers, and for blows,
All that the pagan knew,
And all that the savage knows.

What matter ! the world grows old.
To toil, and to sin, and to die,
Is a story so often told
It never need make us sigh.

What is it ?—a girl and a boy—
They are poor—they were never meant
To be the light and the joy
Of the homes to which they were sent.
In our nation's mighty schemes,
In the world's great working plan,
There was no room left it seems
For a woman, or for a man ;
Blighted before they are blown,
Let them sink to the earth like weeds,
So long as our crops are grown,
So long as the sea recedes.
'What shall it profit a man,'
Is a saying widely known,
'Let him win and gain all he can.
If he lose his soul—*his own ?*'
But speed to the giant plough,
And the harrow that grinds and rolls
O'er the broad smooth levels, now
Over other people's souls.

Oh ! cruel lords of the soil,
No wonder your harvests glow
With ruddy and golden spoil,
When the earth is so fat below ;
When you joy in your harvest won,
Do you think of your harvest lost,
And hid from the ripening sun ?
Have you counted up the cost
Of the precious seeds forgot,
Flung in with heedless scorn,
In your furrows deep to rot,
That will not come up with the corn ?
Girlhood, wifehood, youth,
And love, and all that was lent
Or given to make heaven a truth,
And life a sweet content.

Manhood, and strength, and joy,
  The image Divine of God ;
It is but a girl and a boy
  Ye have trampled back to the clod !

Then look o'er your lordly plains,
  And go to your crowded mart,
And when ye tell o'er your gains,
  Fling in many a broken heart,
And blighted life, with the aches
  And pangs of a childish frame,
With the waste and the loss that makes
  The tale of a woman's shame ;
With another cry in the streets,
  And another ruffian jeer,
And the laugh one so often meets,
  Far sadder than is the tear.
Go ! count up the cost of all
  That fell with the stones that fell,
When ye shook down the cottage wall
  To build up the felon's cell !
Go number the weary feet,
  That roam on an aimless track
Of ruin and wrong, nor meet
  With aught that can lure them back ;
Because they have never known
  What comfort meant since the day
That left them nought for their own,
  When ye took their homes away.
When the little daisy died,
  That the cottage garden grew,
Withered a nation's pride,
  With the rosemary, thrift, and rue.
Hollow the harvest joy
  Of the land where the reapers mourn ;
Where the poor man's girl and his boy
  Count for less than the rich man's corn."

Two charming little poems, of quite a different kind, were contributed by her to "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes." They illustrate her poetic qualities rather differently from many of her compositions. There is much lightness, tenderness, and sweet humour in them. The second is very pathetic and beautiful.

THE STAGE COACH.

"Come, now, let us take a journey
That costs neither trouble nor care;
What if where we are going we know not,
Nor if we shall ever get there,
What matter? The road is so pleasant,
And we pay not a heavy fare.

What matter, oh! what matter
Should even the coach upset,
And all the passengers scatter?
Such chances are often met.
Our driver might be more steady,
But we know that the best of all
Riders are those that are ready
And willing to meet with a fall.

Come, quick now, and take your places,
The guard is blowing his horn;
The horses are in the traces,
They have had their feed of corn.
London—Paris—wherever it pleases,
You may ride in our Coach of state;
We have no luggage to tease us,
And we carry but little weight."

HAY-MAKING.

"Many a long, hard-working day
Life brings us! and many an hour of play!
But they never come now together.
Playing at work, and working at play,
As they came to us children among the hay
In the breath of the warm June weather.

Oft with our little rakes at play
Making believe at making hay,
With grave and steadfast endeavour;
Caught by an arm, and out of sight
Hurled and hidden, and buried light
In laughter and hay for ever.

Now pass the hours of work and play
With a step more slow, and the summer's day
Grows short, and more cold the weather.
Calm is our work now, and quiet our play;
And we take them apart as best we may,
For they come no more together."

The following, entitled "The Rivals," was suggested by a scene in one of Lope de Vega's comedies.

THE RIVALS.

"What rapture in the twilight dim!
With others standing by to see:
Her words, her smiles, were all for him;
But, oh! she gave her hand to me.

What rapture at the twilight's close!
He gave her on his bended knee
The wealth of all his garden; rose
And jessamine; when none could see,
A flower from all the rest she chose;
And oh! she gave that flower to me.

What rapture in the twilight dim,
To dance the circling saraband,
With others standing by to see,
We stood together hand-in-hand,
And Inez gave her hand to him;
But, oh! she kept her heart for me."

I believe the following little poem had birth in her heart from the circumstance of her having received the sweet Alpine flower from Mr. William Howitt. It has always struck me as being an exquisite and almost perfect gem.

THE EDEL-WEISS.

"I was born in my little shroud,
All woolly, warm, and white;
I live in the mist and the cloud,
I live for my own delight.

I see far beneath me crowd
The Alpine roses red,
And the gentian blue, sun-fed,
That makes the valleys bright.

I bloom for the eagle's eye,
I bloom for the daring hand,
I live but for God, and I die
Unto Him, and at His command!"

She wrote the following poem "to the Memory of David Livingstone," which she entitled

ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM.

"He stood within the wilderness and cried;
From hearts innumerable went up a groan,
But voice was none, nor any that replied;

Not Europe, vowed to lofty prudence, tied
To dull convention, colder than a stone;
Not Asia, fierce and fawning, sleek of hide;

Nor thou, brute Africa! a patient, strong,
Mute ass, between two burthens couchant long.
He stood within the wilderness and cried;

Then all at once, as when a mighty tide
Hurls a huge wave before it, heaved and rose
The world's high heart to battle with its foes:
He stayed within the wilderness and died."

The next poem is so fully charged with sympathy, tenderness, and beauty, that, whatever else space compels me to omit, this at least must be included.

ALL THROUGH THE DAY.

"Be the day never so long,
It ringeth at last unto even-song."
Queen Elizabeth's Book of Hours.

"All through the day, my love, watching thine eye,
Holding thy hand in mine, I will be nigh;
I cannot cheer thee, love, yet will I stay;
I will be near thee, love, all through the day.

All through the day, my love, seeking in vain
Wings for the hours that pass weighted with pain;
All things are drear to thee, nothing is gay;
Yet I am dear to thee, so I will stay.

All through this day of ours, though it be long,
Open for us no flowers, wakens no song;
Reddens the autumn leaf, withers the rose,
All through this way of ours, unto its close.

Worn is thy frame, my love, wan is thy cheek,
Low are thine accents, and broken, and weak;
Yet sweet is our silence, the words that we say
Are sweet, as I sit by thee all through the day.

All through the day, my love, all through the day,
Steals the swift shadow on, life flits away;
Soft will our sleep be then, happy and light,
All through the night, my love, all through the night."

The Two Songs which follow will be greatly valued by Miss Greenwell's friends who have not been privileged with a sight of them before.

I.—A PARTING SONG.

"Deem not these tears that freely fall
Are all for love, for sorrow all.
'Tis love, 'tis youth, 'tis joy that weep
Together, ere they sink to sleep!

'Tis love that kindles at thine eye;
'Tis rapture trembling on thy sigh;
'Tis all that from my life I miss,
I part from, in thy parting kiss.

It is the heart *thy* voice hath stirred,
That now would bid its voice be heard,
That clasps thee close, that feels thee near,
That seeks a word, and finds a tear!"

II.—GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-BYE.

"Say not good-bye! dear friend, from thee
A word too sad that word would be.
Say not good-bye! Say but good-night,
And say it with thy tender, light,
Caressing voice, that links the bliss
Of yet another day with this.
Say but good-night!

Say not good-bye! say but good-night:
A word that blesses in its flight,

In leaving hope of many a kind,
Sweet day like this we leave behind.
Say but good-night! Oh never say
A word that taketh thee away!
Say but good-night!
Good-night!"

The poem next quoted expresses in a very touching way her indignation at Vivisection.

FIDELITY REWARDED.

"We experimented on dogs—old, and otherwise useless."—PROFESSOR RUTHERFORD.

"I was not useful? So
He says, nor young nor strong.
My master ought to know,
I've followed him so long.

For many and many a day
I followed well content,
Might I but go the way
That he, my master, went.

I listened for his foot,
I strove his thought to scan;
For I was but a brute,
And he I loved was man.

O'er all that he held dear,
A patient watch to keep,
With light attentive ear
I listened in my sleep.

The stealthy foot withdrew,
The daring hand was stayed;
My growl the robber knew,
And fled the spot dismayed.

I knew my master's voice,
  My nature's bounded plan
Had left my love no choice,
  And he I loved was man.

And often would I watch
  His inmost thought to prove,
His hidden will to catch :
  A brute can only love.

I waited for a crumb,
  From off his daily meal
To fall for me : a dumb
  Poor brute can only feel.

I thought he loved me well,
  But when my eye grew dim—
I leave the tale I tell
  As it is told by him—

Some secret hint to track
  Of life's poor trembling flame,
He nailed me to a rack,
  He pierced and tore my frame.

He saw me slowly die
  In agonies acute;
For he was man, and I
  Was nothing but a brute ! ''

I could easily extend, and still further vary my extracts from her fugitive poetry, but curtailment is necessary for lack of space.

CHAPTER XIX.

Miss Greenwell's Philosophy.

A CRITIQUE.

MISS M. S. TALBOT, of Clifton, who enjoyed the friendship of Miss Greenwell, and was a very earnest student of her works, has been good enough to write an estimate of her philosophical position as a Christian thinker and writer. It is so thoughtful, and treats with so much skill and beauty of this particular aspect of Miss Greenwell's influence, that, while differing in some points from the view which she takes of our Friend, I very gladly include it in these Memoirs.

"That the attraction of Miss Greenwell's mind, both as expressed in social converse and in her writings, was the attraction of genius, as apart from talent and a high order of mental capacity, will be readily admitted by all who have felt her power. It is not therefore surprising that, in criticising her writings, we become aware of discrepancies and

inequalities, such as are frequently the failures of genius.

"'The poet seizes the particular,' says Goethe. It is his part to depict the contradictions, presented in the world of conflicting human wills, and of opposing external circumstance, in its most tragic aspect. It is true, that the poet may be also a prophet, a seer, and a philosopher: and in so far as he is able to look at the world-problem from their standpoint, he is aware of a deep reconciliation of all contradictions, complete even now, but only revealed to us in hints and glimpses, and which must necessarily wait for manifestation, till this life of Time, and Chance, and Death, gives way to a more stable order. But if he is to give to the transient and contradictory its true intensity, the ideas of permanence and reconciliation must for the time be in abeyance, and therefore it is to the poet, and his clear vision of the tragedy of passing conditions, that we are indebted for our recognition both of their beauty and hope, and of their sorrow and despair. In Miss Greenwell's writings we are continually met by presentations of human need, and frailty, and limitations, stated in language of lofty and poetic pathos, which our own experience eagerly confirms. Nor can we deny that there is truth in the view, which shows us Christianity, as *at present* manifested, to be a power that kills, and is in conflict with much that is natural to man, prone as he is to seek even the best gifts for selfish ends;

but we must neither forget, nor appear to forget, that this is a transient aspect, and even here and now, is not exhibited in every Christian life, either individual or organic. The point which we desire to notice, is that in Miss Greenwell's writings an undue and exaggerated prominence is given to these contradictions. In the beautiful dialogue, full of poetic beauty and pregnant thought, entitled 'Two Friends,' she speaks of the 'Natural Order of Life' as an 'antagonistic yet allied kingdom,' within the folds of whose 'gigantic undergrowth of passion, sense, necessity,' the higher kingdom, whether we call it the kingdom of Christ, or, what is synonymous, the kingdom of the spiritual and eternal, now seems to lie hopelessly entangled. With Novalis, she describes Christian faith as 'a foe to art, science, and even to enjoyment.' In 'Colloquia Crucis,' she dwells on the 'profound *désaccord* of Christianity with Nature.' And, again, speaks of 'the world itself,—the social world,' as 'emphatically a lie and vanity,' reminding us of William Law's remark, that 'Christianity, or the kingdom of heaven, has no other interests in this world than as to take its members out of it.' 'I do feel,' she exclaims, in a passage of great beauty in 'Two Friends,'—one of the finest expressions of her mind on this subject—'I do feel, sometimes painfully, a contradiction between the brokenness of Christ, and the clear perfection of Art.'

"Equally conscious of contradiction is she in the regions of psychology—that debatable ground where the animal and intellectual, and yet more the spiritual, nature of man strive for the mastery. Often it seems that she has an exaggerated sense of the domination of the animal. The well-known simile of the relation of the soul and body, as figured by a horse and its rider, would be inadequate to convey her sense of the limited power of the rider over his steed: and her expressions, as that the weakness of the human will under the stress of passion and emotion, raise a strong recoil in many minds, by whom such teaching is recognized as false and dangerous. Miss Greenwell's view of the limitation of the will of man, *as regards what he can achieve*, is indeed just and true, and also calculated to promote, in her own words, 'Hope's true perseverance,' in bearing cheerfully and patiently with the limitations of our own and each other's individuality. But it also appears as though she does not recognize the power latent in the rightly-directed human will to *resist evil*, even in the presence of strong temptation. Her vivid perception of the weakness of man's nature, unless under the direct supernatural influence of Divine grace, apparently caused her to ignore,—indeed she would probably have repudiated the idea,—that God in giving man freedom, gives him the power to resist things evil, as well as to choose things good—a power which indeed

he possesses in virtue of his derived life from God, but which he is responsible for misusing, or for not using, even though he may not be a conscious subject of those more commonly recognized and obvious dealings of the Divine Spirit, which are spoken of as 'grace,' in contradistinction to 'nature.'

"The same intense sense of contradiction, she did not shrink from carrying into even more awful problems; and more than once she appears to incline to the belief that even God Himself is in antagonism and conflict—*unwilling* conflict—with the powers of evil, while of His rule she speaks as being 'no absolute and uninvaded reign of Righteousness.'

"This is not the place to point out that even this last and darkest problem may be stated in far different terms, and that the sacrifice of the death of Christ, to which for its 'costliness,' she refers her belief in the strength and hopelessness of the captivity it was to vanquish, may also be otherwise looked at. In spite of the anguish which accompanied its accomplishment in Time, we are taught to believe that Christ, even while thus pouring out His soul unto death, was upheld by the consciousness of 'the joy set before Him,'—a joy which is in its nature eternal, and therefore co-existent even with the experience of the sharpest suffering. It may be ours to enter into the spirit of His joy, even while contemplating the agony of His Cross and Passion.

"From the causes we have indicated, it results that during that period of development which generally occurs in the youth of a sensitive and thoughtful nature, Miss Greenwell's writings, with their keen sense and vivid poetic presentation of the struggle and distress of human life, appear like an enchanted ground, where our own experiences greet us on every side. But when this phase is past and the time is come to seek some higher standpoint, from whence to survey the battle-field of life in its true proportions, Miss Greenwell's works can no longer support and console. Their contradictions are felt to be distracting, and the expression of them but a vague and useless cry of suffering, which consumes the strength we are compelled to reserve for action. It is true that again and again in her writings, as in her conversation, she would be 'rapt into future times,' and speak of an age to come when all things will be new, when this 'vast, dark, ruined world' will give place to order and to beauty, for 'music has taught us,' to quote her own words, 'that it is impossible to *end* upon a discord.' But what is felt as a loss in her writings is, that she did not, whilst realizing the anguish and discordance of the present, at the same time, connect it with a harmonious purpose, going behind and before, and with a foundation on a kingdom that cannot be shaken.

"And, even when she attempts to formulate the hope of an ultimate reconciliation, to many minds

her system of supernaturalism seems a factitious sanctuary, in which to take refuge from scepticism and universal Pyrrhonism, rather than the pure air of those mountain heights, whence we may catch a glimpse of the eternal Kingdom, where Love, and Truth, and Justice rule in manifest and unopposed majesty.

"A time comes, however, when this second stage of individual growth is also past, and some deep conviction has been attained that the change and conflict of the visible universe, (in which 'that spark of the Divine omnipotence,' the freewill of man, is a constant factor,) is but a part of the manifestation of the invisible eternal order, visible and invisible alike being founded on a moral purpose and obeying a Holy Will. Then will her early lovers return to their old perception of the extreme beauty of Miss Greenwell's writings, with their lavish wealth of allusion and quotation, and will discover almost with surprise, gems of thought on many subjects connected with human affairs, which passed unnoticed, when the mind was bent on finding a chain of logical sequence and relation. It is the absence of this connecting thread which is the real disappointment in her prose works, and which may, too probably, prevent their taking the influential place in religious literature, which they merit on account of their artistic beauty and deep suggestive thoughtfulness. But for her poetry we venture to predict a

very different future. It has the promise of life in itself, for it bears this distinguishing mark of genius, that it gives to some of the experiences which will last as long as humanity endures, a body of living beauty, bearing the impress of an unique personality. Exactly as she has written, has no other poet written, and we believe that, as a poet, she will receive a wider recognition hereafter than has yet been hers.

"As health declined and suffering increased, the painful sense of contradiction and perplexity deepened, and her truthful though shattered spirit gave expression to dark suggestions of despair and doubt, which one cannot but regret as coming from the pen of one whose inmost faith was yet that 'in Christ Jesus all contradictions are reconciled.'

"Can any words, for example, be more despairing and more intensely sceptical than the cry of the soul, 'On my heart hath a thought fallen, making all the waters of the earth bitter,'* etc. Vain is it in the same lovely poem to have said, 'Strong is He, yet patient, and pitiful, a Creator to whom nothing lives in vain,' when such words as these follow: 'On earth is hate and discord, and we say these things are but for a day—but *if for a day, why not for ever?* The life that was formed for love and joy is blighted, and the heart of man wanders, and hath not found its home.' It has seemed desirable to call attention to this philosophical defect in Miss

* Carmina Crucis, p. 39.

Greenwell's writings, namely, the undue prominence given in them to that which is, in the words of Prof. Edward Caird,* 'the finite consciousness opposed to the consciousness of the infinite.' Of this finite consciousness her works are the poetic presentment, but we miss in them this consciousness of contradiction 'resolved and developed into the consciousness of a higher principle in the light of which the contradiction disappears.' While commenting on this defect, however, we would again emphasize the remark made at the outset that Miss Greenwell was one of those rare beings whose gifts are of the nature of the gifts of genius. It is when she surrenders herself most entirely to the high intuitions of her poet's nature, that her writings have their fullest charm, their greatest strength. But in consequence of these very gifts of genius, her highly sensitive organization, continually laid her open to the inroads of mental distress and perplexity, which sought a natural relief in expression. The writings produced under these circumstances are the unconscious unfoldings of a 'poet's heart' in suffering—to be read, therefore, as a revelation of one aspect of that highest marvel, and one which we seldom see, the 'poet's heart' under the influence of the deepest and most mysterious doctrines of Christianity.

* "A Critical Account of the Philosophy of Kant," by Prof. Edward Caird, M.A., Glasgow.

'Nor should we attempt to make Miss Greenwell a dogmatic teacher on such subjects. She was not a Christian philosopher, but a poet with a heart that could not let her pass, as most poets can, through this world, leaving Christ, wounded for man, on the other side of the way."

CHAPTER XX.

The Final Years.

CONSEQUENT upon her mother's death, on September 23rd, 1871, Miss Greenwell removed from Durham, where she had found a home, as we have seen, for eighteen years. First of all, she went to London for a brief visit; then to Torquay, for a short time, where she made the acquaintance of the accomplished lady known as the authoress of "Mademoiselle Mori" and the "Atelier du Lys." This lady has spoken to me with warm admiration of Miss Greenwell. After leaving Torquay, she went to reside at Clifton. Here she continued for a rather long period, making many acquaintances and forming not a few friendships, which she sincerely prized. Then, in the year 1874, she hired a furnished house, No. 11, Great College Street, Westminster.

It was a great delight to her to live in London. She saw many of her old friends very frequently; intercourse with whom had been hindered for many

years, such as Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hunt, and Mr. W. B. Scott; as well also as a considerable number of friends from all parts of the country, whom circumstances, more or less frequently, called to London. Hardly a day passed without bringing some pleasant caller to the quaint but interesting home which she made for herself in this quiet street.

The room which she chiefly occupied, was on the first floor, in front, and overlooked the grounds at the back of Dean's Yard. Full in front is the grand old Abbey; and nearly as close are the Houses of Parliament. A tiny apartment at the back sufficed for a dining-room; and now and then a privileged friend or two enjoyed her hospitality, and afforded to her the pleasure of a little dinner-party. Of this pleasure she made humorous boast when she was disposed to reckon up the amenities and luxuries of her existence.

Many an afternoon tea-drinking was enjoyed by friends from far and near; and, although her own physical powers were exceedingly wearied by long depression and weakness, she was always the joyous soul of every gathering. The Westminster Clock, which chimed the quarters, seemed to be quicker than clocks elsewhere; and until the beloved and honoured hostess showed signs of exhaustion, absorbed and interested visitors lingered with inexpressible delight. Sometimes, she sat up

in her easy chair, but more frequently lay upon the sofa, covered with wraps; and nearly always—except in the hottest weather—enjoyed a cheerful fire.

None who had known her in years that were gone, could fail to notice her ill-health and enfeeblement. She never regained health sufficiently to enable her to appear as she used to do in her best days, though she often gave forth bright flashes of her poetic feeling and humour, affording evidence, just for a passing moment, of what she once had been. She would sometimes take part in a closely-reasoned and persistent argument; and astonish one with the vigour of her intellect, the brilliance of her fancy, and the extraordinary eloquence of her language.

I may remind those readers of her works, who have been often impressed with their mystic charm, that, in private life, there was no mystery in this true-hearted woman. To use a very common phrase, she was as "clear as daylight." Simulation was altogether beyond her power. She could not pose as a mystery. She could not have got herself up for an "interviewer." The simplicity which she so highly appreciated in others, she cherished within herself constantly and without reserve. When I first made her acquaintance, thirteen years ago at Clifton,—mingling in the society of her near relatives, and friends,—we were all as much at one, as though we had been friends for a score of

years. There was no stiffness to be broken down; everything was *en famille* in half-an-hour; and we knew not but that we had met and talked together hundreds of times before, so that a friendship, which was among the most valued privileges of my life, took root at once. This was due, mainly, to the fact that Miss Greenwell was frank, unceremonious, and unreserved in her friendships. I saw on this occasion the clearest and fullest indications of the warmth and affectionateness of her nature. A social iceberg had no chance of existence in her presence. She had an abundance of both light and heat, the radiation of which was constant and powerful.

Although Miss Greenwell possessed fine qualities of conversation, in the sense of being able to talk powerfully about any subject in which she felt an interest, she had in the fullest measure that essential element of all real intercourse between minds,—the ability for listening as well as speaking. Indeed, she had a great faculty for silence whenever anything could be learnt from another's speech. She longed for opportunities of gaining information from anybody who was at all qualified to give it: and it was interesting to notice the eagerness with which she made arrangements to bring people to her house who had anything to communicate, not in the way of gossip, for she never encouraged it—but, concerning subjects, or books, and often indeed matters of recondite

interest. She set a particular store by those whom she was in the frequent habit of designating as "learned" people. She liked to make the acquaintance of a "specialist" in any department of literature or science; and no one ever paid more respect to such people than she did. As it has been seen in the previous pages of these memoirs, she had both a taste and a faculty for science, especially that portion of it which is concerned with physiology and psychology. She questioned books eagerly with respect to these profoundly interesting subjects; but she took a keener delight in putting her inquiries before the living exponents of them. Perhaps this arose from the cause that her eager intellect and quick imagination, in moments of great interest, always went beyond the printed page,—but when a cultured student of science stood near her, she could ply each question as it arose to her mind. In the final years also, when reading was more difficult because of frequent interruptions from illness, and gradually increasing weakness, she found it easier and pleasanter to improve her knowledge of things in which she cherished an interest through the medium of conversation.

I have often watched with intense pleasure the seemingly unspeakable satisfaction which she took in intercourse with those persons whom she credited with being well versed in Holy Scripture; and her pleasure was greatly enhanced if they were acquainted

with the original languages. Indeed, she had a marvellous relish for words and their meaning; and she took a great delight in following out their history and uses. Any person who could give her fresh light upon a word was regarded as a private benefactor. Those who had the advantage of her friendship were accustomed, therefore, to take to themselves the pleasure of trying to increase her stores in these interesting ways. Never did a human being more fully recognize the law and delight of give-and-take. None who were at all worthy ever left her presence without feeling that this gifted woman set great value upon anything which they could communicate to her: and she had the power of shedding upon the dullest thoughts of others, if they were but true thoughts, the illumination of her lofty genius. She hungered for usefulness, and thoroughly relished the appreciation of her readers. It was hard to submit to the repressive conditions of weakened and greatly shattered health. Whatever work she did, was accomplished in circumstances involving suffering and weariness. It was distressing to see her at times; so crushed and broken was she, and so entirely unable to carry out the earnest purposes of her eager spirit. Both during her life at Clifton, and in London, she conceived a very strong liking for certain philanthropic and benevolent objects, as well as for special efforts in the direction of political progress. She was

warmly devoted to the aims of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; her care for animals being only second to her interest in human beings. On this account, perhaps, she was led to cherish an almost passionate interest in respect to vivisection. I heard her say repeatedly, that she had come to regard it as the special work of her remaining years, to protest against what she looked upon as a development of cruelty of a very hideous description. Whatever may be said for or against this matter, I am certain that the vivisectionists could hardly have encountered a more worthy antagonist than Dora Greenwell, if her strength had been equal to her zeal. There was in her, it may fairly be claimed, something more than a woman's "scream." *She* was not a mere hysterical zealot in a cause which she could have defended with an intellectual grasp of the subject that would have commanded the attention of the scientific mind.

It should also be mentioned here that she gave her support to the efforts that were being made in the direction of extending the parliamentary franchise to women. Every true friend of Dora Greenwell's would feel it to be unfortunate if her connection with this movement should lead any to suppose that she did not recognize the supreme claims of home upon her own sex. She was ever responsive to all its tenderest and sweetest charms: but, at the same time, she held very tenaciously the importance of

maintaining the sacredness of the common rights of women as the citizens of a free nation.

We find her, in the summer of 1873, contributing to the *Contemporary Review* a paper on "the East African Slave Trade." If any one have sentiments upon Slavery and the Slave Trade, which imply, in however small a degree, some leniency towards the accursed system, let him read this paper, and see what a noble-hearted, wide-minded woman had to say upon the subject some years ago. When referring to the probable damping of the "old abolition zeal," which may have arisen from an acceptance of the fact of the African's inferiority, as deemed to be established by the testimony of such authorities as Sir Samuel Baker and Captain Speke, Miss Greenwell writes:—"It is possible that the poor African, with all his practical philosophy, may not have attained to that serene level of stoicism which would enable him, with Mr. Carlyle, to look down upon his 'own dirty happiness as something not worth making a pother about.' He may think, with our own Warburton, that to every human being his own happiness is to himself a sacred object, transcending all others in importance; and also be of the great Bishop's opinion as to its being a subject upon which each individual man, however simple and in other respects ignorant, is qualified to judge better for himself than other people can do it for him. We may endorse the sentiments of the ever-generous

Tourgeneff, and, indisposed to receive the gospel of 'labour' in its breadth and fulness, opine, 'that man has not only a right to live, *but also to live pleasantly.*'"

Miss Greenwell, during all her later years, was accustomed to insist very earnestly upon the value of what may be called the objective blessings of the Christian religion. She felt that Protestantism made a too stringent demand, oftentimes, upon poor human nature. She believed that Protestant teachers and preachers lay upon their hearers many "burdens" that are unnecessarily "grievous to be borne." She entered with such perfect sympathy into the sins, temptations, and difficulties of the poor and the ignorant, that perhaps it was this experience which taught her the value of having hardly any religion to *think out* for oneself, but to receive it at the hands of God. I have often heard her express, with much feeling, her own need of just such a religion; one that takes the "gift" of eternal life altogether apart from thought or conscious mental effort. And it was just this feeling which prepared her for appreciating the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was to her a most vivid and beautiful illustration of giving and receiving.

No one was ever more sensitive to thoughtful and delicate little kindnesses and attentions than Miss Greenwell. A few flowers, a Christmas or an Easter card, a simple article of needlework, a bundle of

quill pens, or a pretty penwiper, were all alike valued as they represented in ever so slight a degree the thoughtfulness of her friends. She kept them close at hand; and each new-comer was informed of the pleasure she had received: and the more her weakness increased the more keenly did she prize such "testimonials"—as she termed them—from her friends.

Mrs. McChesney, an American lady, wife of Professor McChesney, an accomplished geologist,—both of whom I had the great pleasure of meeting in Miss Greenwell's home at Clifton,—has furnished me with some impressions of her friend, derived during the Durham and Clifton periods. It was to Mrs. McChesney, that Miss Greenwell dedicated her small volume of poems, "Camera Obscura"; and I remember the warm interest which she always cherished for these kind and enthusiastic friends.

"In my girlhood," said Mrs. McChesney to me, "which was narrow and rigid, my spirit was sad and unrestful, between intellectual rebellion against the hard lines of creed and dogma, and irrepressible longings for spiritual communion. Then there came to me, not like an outlet to the pressing, surging unrest, but like a deepening of all the channels of being, 'The Two Friends' and 'The Patience of Hope.' Then I found recognition of the perplexities of life, and the mysteries of grace;—but with it a broadening of vision, an uplifting of spirit, which

gave at times a keen, sweet intuition of the perfect end. When first my spiritual light for me took form, as she stood waiting for me, with unfathomable eyes and outstretched hands, in the open door of the old Durham home,—I knew and loved her, as through all the blessed years of close companionship, as a Catholic may his shrined and chosen saint, or as a mystic might the veiled yet shining face of a sybil.

"In the closeness of our friendship, the intimacy of our companionship, I never lost that sense of spiritual light in the nature of our friend. More than any other I have ever known, her nature was luminous. And yet, from no other Christian, have I heard words so bold on the mystery of evil, the power of the physical to bind and break the spiritual, the conflict between intellectual development and the repressions of the Christian life, the bitter warfare and too often the ultimate defeat, which leaves the individual life an unsolved problem.

"When the sorrow of sin in a world under God's care confronts one, until faith falters, her words fall like the most fitting lamentation, 'If for a day, then why not for ever?' Why a flaw even in the finite? No one can know her books, without hearing that of which she frequently spoke, 'a note of scepticism in her nature.' Perhaps because she had brooded over the awfulness of that gulf of doubt, her soul swept so high a flight into the region of faith and hope. But this duality of her nature was

in all things marked, and gave her insight into apparently opposing aspects of truth. I have heard her speak of the taint of evil in human nature, and trace its insidious course, until I felt faint and hopeless for the spirit tabernacled in this impurity of earthly clay: within a few minutes I have listened to words so glowing upon the heroic and Divine in man, that, in a kind of rapt dream, I have seen each bowed and sorrow-burdened head wearing, as in early Tuscan art, its aureole.

"In speaking of the Sacraments of the Church, I have heard her, in reverent, tender tones, dwell upon their sacredness and power, until she seemed a Romanist: and then, in hours of close personal communion with her, I have heard such confession of the nearness of the individual soul to God, that Church and Sacraments faded away before the shining of that 'Inner Light.'

"I have heard her speak of moral reform, and armed warfare with evil, as if she wore the Crusader's cross; and again, have felt in her presence that one must walk alone, a lofty narrow path, in keen air, and upon snow heights.

* * * * *

"I think that sweet, womanly grace, about the little things of life and home, added an inexpressible charm to her greater gifts. No banquet can ever be to me what tea at Durham was, when my hostess said, 'You should feel honoured, for mother has

given you apricot jam to-night;' or, when the after-dinner coffee was more fragrant; when she said, 'To-day I have begged for the Royal Worcester cups.' A gleam of fun, a touch of humour ran like a thread of light through those days.

* * * * *

"The visits at Clifton were deeper-hearted, but somewhat less glad; for I felt even then the chill of the death-shadow. Her life, in increasing weakness, was less open to the sunlight; more sensitive to the touch of pain. I remember, one day, when she had been lying, weak and suffering, on the sofa in the dining-room, at Clifton, she rose and went to the window, where a long box stood on the ledge, filled with some low-growing bloomless plant. She buried her face in its leaves; then said, as if unconsciously, 'The only joy is growth.'

"How blessed the memory of her face, lifted from the tender green of the young leaves, and the strange spiritual smile, as if finding comfort for pain in their living fairness."

It would be deeply interesting to quote rather at length from a correspondence which passed between Miss Christina Rossetti and Miss Greenwell; but Miss Rossetti does not like accepting in public the very high praise of her own genius and poetry which Dora expresses in these letters. Suffice it, then, to say that they cherished a very warm and loving friendship for each other. I quote two poems which

testify to the feelings of each for the other. The manuscripts are copied in both cases, as they stand.

AUTUMN VIOLETS.

KEEP love for youth, and violets for the spring:
Or if these bloom when worn-out autumn grieves,
Let them lie hid in double shade of leaves,
Their own, and others dropped down withering;
For violets suit when home birds build and sing,
Not when the outbound bird a passage cleaves;
Not with the stubble of mown harvest sheaves,
But when the green world buds to blossoming.
Keep violets for the spring, and love for youth,
Love that should dwell with beauty, mirth, and hope;
Or if a later sadder love be born,
Let this not look for grace beyond its scope,
But give itself, nor plead for answering truth—
A grateful Ruth though gleaning scanty corn.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

(With love, and in the hope of our meeting ere long.)

TO CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

"I have mingled my grapes and my wine."
(*The Song of Songs.*)

THOU hast filled me a golden cup
With a drink Divine that glows,
With the bloom that is shining up
From the heart of the folded rose.

The grapes in their amber glow,
And the strength of the blood-red wine
All mingle, and change, and flow
In this golden cup of thine.

With the scent of the curling wine,
With the balm of the rose's breath,—
For the voice of love is thine,
And thine is the Song of Death!

Sept. 17*th*, 1875.

The glow of her affectionate nature continued unabated through all the declining years. It shone with a peculiar brightness on a countenance which was often wan and pale through suffering; and imparted also an indescribable sweetness and pathos to an often difficult utterance, which revived and recalled the ardent enthusiasms of early days. I have never known any person who combined in a more perfect measure fine intellectual faculties with equally fine spiritual passion. If we were permitted to desire that Providence should have ordered the original endowment and circumstances of any one human life, I could wish that this remarkable woman had been as richly blessed with physical health as with her rare faculties of mind and spirit. Then, as it seems to me, she would have no superior of her own sex, in all our English history. My words will, no doubt, seem to some to be a wild exaggeration of her merits. I will only add, they are simply intended to express the deliberate judgment of my own mind.

Taking up, once more, the thread of the life-story, it only remains to say that from Great College Street Miss Greenwell went to Richmond for a short time, and after that she came back to London, living in two or three different neighbourhoods. She met with an accident in 1881, which rendered it desirable that she should go to her brother Alan at Clifton. This was in the autumn of the year.

In the following spring she failed more manifestly than ever. The days were evidently becoming fewer, and the shadows fell around her thickly. Her great, passionate faith in Christ was firm to the end. To this she often gave earnest expression. On Wednesday evening, the 29th of March, she sank to rest; and on the following Saturday morning all that was mortal of that immortal being was buried in Arno's Vale Cemetery, Bristol.

I refer once more to Mrs. McChesney's letter. Dora said to her, when she was saying "good-bye" for the last time, "One word would alone tell my story—*inadequacy*."

Mrs. McChesney says, very beautifully, "Strange word wherewith to sum up the story of so gifted and gracious a life—but I understand her feeling. So delicate in organization, so shattered in health, she felt her failure to give complete and harmonious form to life. But, by its rare suggestiveness, its power of light, yes even by the brooding of its shadows, it has a power beyond strong, positive, practical lives. Their measure can be taken. Hers, with its far horizon, its dreamy distance, its purpling haze, is the heritage of artists and poets."

Let me add that in another sense it is also "the heritage" of simple Christian hearts.

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